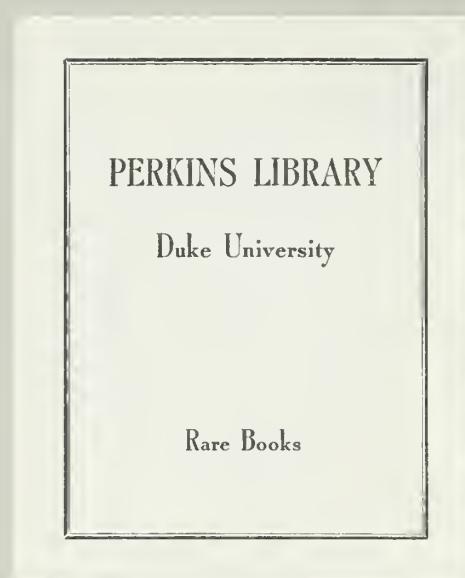


NEWPORT
AND ITS
COTTAGES

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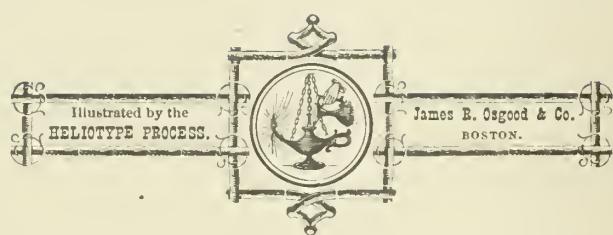
A faint, light-colored watermark of a classical building with four columns and a pediment is visible in the background.

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NEWPORT AND ITS COTTAGES.



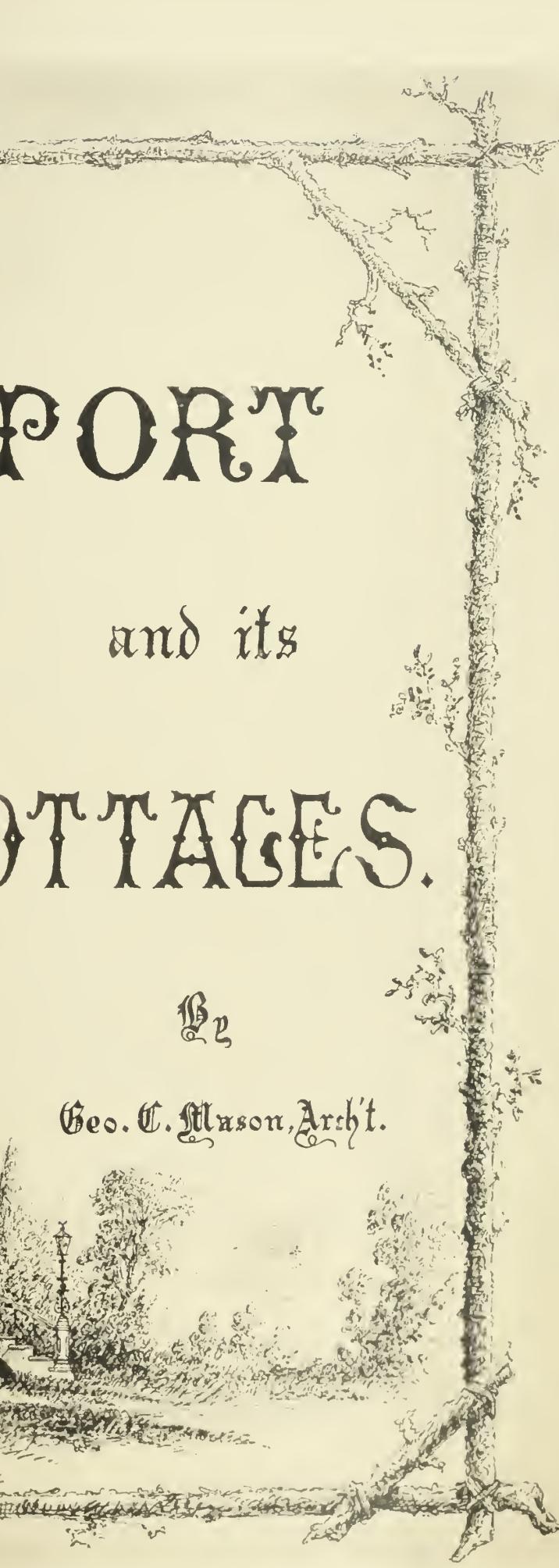
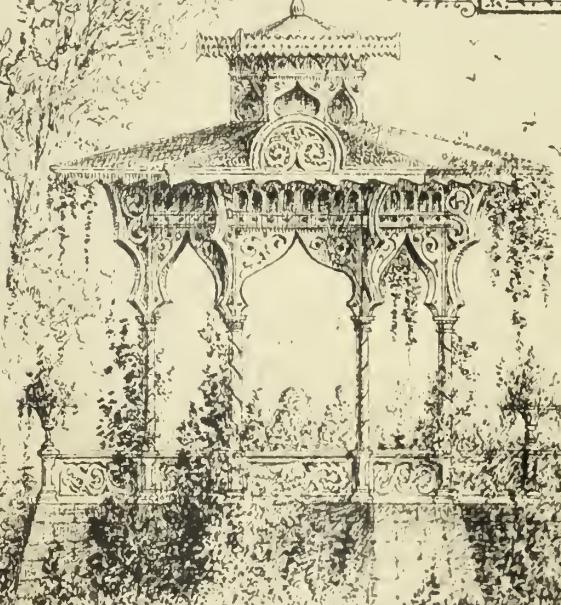
NEWPORT

and its

COTTAGES.

By

Geo. C. Mason, Arch't.



“Architecture can want no commendation where there are noble men or noble minds.”

Sir Henry Wotton.

“The chambres and parlors of a sorte,
With bay wyndowes goodlye as may be thought,
As for daunsyng or otherwise disport.”

Chaucer.

P R E F A C E.

N presenting this work to the public, the author begs to state that his aim has been to bring together, in a pleasing and attractive form, illustrations of the beautiful country-seats that adorn the southern shores of Rhode Island, now so justly celebrated as a watering-place. The island, known to the Indians as Aquidneck,—“Isle of Peace,”—is one of great beauty. Dean Berkeley (late Lord Bishop of Cloyne) described it as “pleasantly laid out in hills and vales and rising grounds, and hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets, and many delightful landscapes of rocks and promontories, and adjacent lands;” and Tuckerman sang its praises in lines that will not die.

On these shores will be found the cottages I have portrayed, with many others, both large and small, embowered in luxuriant foliage, in sight of the sea. The views were taken from nature; and the other illustrations are copied from pen-drawings. All are printed by the Heliotype Process, and are, in effect, photographs printed in printer’s ink on an ordinary printing-press. They are as permanent as an engraving, and are far more accurate than any thing that could come from an engraver’s burin.

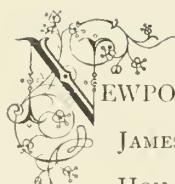
To Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., the publishers, Mr. Ernest Edwards, the inventor of the Heliotype Process, and Mr. George A. Coolidge, who has had charge of the printing and binding, my thanks are due for the interest they have taken in the work, and the facilities they have afforded me in bringing it out.

The edition has been limited to one hundred copies; and the few remaining copies, after supplying the subscribers, may be had of James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, or of George C. Mason & Son, architects, Newport, R.I.

GEORGE C. MASON.

NEWPORT, R.I., Sept. 1, 1875.

CONTENTS.



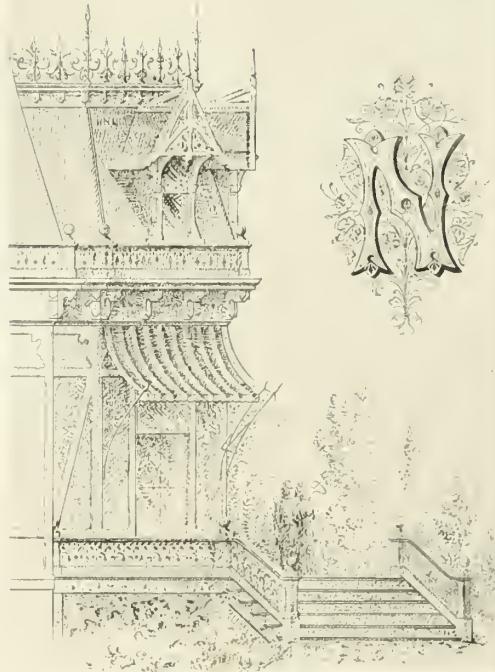
NEWPORT — OLD AND NEW	1
JAMES P. KERNOCHAN, Esq., NEW YORK	7
HON. AUGUST BELMONT, NEW YORK	9
FRANCIS A. STOUT, Esq., NEW YORK	11
L. P. MORTON, Esq., NEW YORK	13
FREDERICK SHELDON, Esq., NEW YORK	14
HENRY A. TAILER, Esq., NEW YORK	15
NARRAGANSETT AVENUE	16
HON. E. D. MORGAN, NEW YORK	18
GEORGE R. FEARING, Esq., NEWPORT, R.I.	19
MISS C. L. WOLFE, NEW YORK	21
EDWARD KING, Esq., NEWPORT, R.I.	22
C. N. BEACH, Esq., HARTFORD, CONN.	23
GEO. PEABODY WETMORE, Esq., NEWPORT, R.I.	25
THE BATHING BEACH	27
CHARLES H. RUSSELL, Esq., NEW YORK	29
THOMAS F. CUSHING, Esq., BOSTON, MASS.	31
FREDERIC W. STEVENS, Esq., NEW YORK	33
MRS. WILLIAM F. COLES, NEW YORK	35
MRS. COLFORD JONES, NEW YORK	37
MRS. LORING ANDREWS, NEW YORK	38
BELLEVUE AVENUE	40
HON. WM. BEACH LAWRENCE, NEWPORT, R.I.	43
THOMAS WINANS, Esq., BALTIMORE, MD.	45
CHARLES J. PETERSON, Esq., PHILADELPHIA, PENN.	47
EARL P. MASON, Esq., PROVIDENCE, R.I.	49

JOHN FOSTER, Esq., BOSTON, MASS.	51
HON. ROBERT H. IVES, PROVIDENCE, R.I.	53
THE SHORE DRIVE.	55
ALEX. VAN RENSSALAER, Esq., NEW YORK	58
F. S. G. D'HAUTEVILLE, Esq., BOSTON, MASS.	60
GEORGE TIFFANY, Esq., NEWPORT, R.I.	61
H. G. MARQUAND, Esq., NEW YORK	63
M. LAZARUS, Esq., NEW YORK	65
J. FREDERICK KERNOCHAN, Esq., NEW YORK	67
THE SPOUTING CAVE	69
WILLIAM W. TUCKER, Esq., BOSTON, MASS.	76
WILLIAM TILDEN BLODGETT, Esq., NEW YORK	78
MRS. PARAN STEVENS, NEW YORK	80
R. H. McCURDY, Esq., NEW YORK	81
HON. J. WINTHROP CHANLER, NEW YORK	83
NATHAN MATTHEWS, Esq., BOSTON, MASS.	85
JOHN KNOWER, Esq., NEW YORK.	87
FAIRMAN ROGERS, Esq., PHILADELPHIA, PENN.	89
FORT ADAMS	91
HENRY S. FEARING, Esq., NEW YORK	94
HON. HUGH T. DICKEY, CHICAGO, ILL.	96
MRS. ROBERT WOODWORTH, NEW YORK	98
HENRY BEDLOW, Esq., NEWPORT, R.I.	100
THOMAS APPLETON, Esq., BOSTON, MASS.	102
ROYAL PHELPS, Esq., NEW YORK.	103
GEO. C. MASON, NEWPORT, R.I.	104
THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN	105



NEWPORT — OLD AND NEW.

NEWPORT—OLD AND NEW.



EWPORT unites the present with the past. There is not a place in the United States more fully identified with the early history of the country; and, as a watering-place of the present day, it is without a rival. It was settled in 1639; and up to the advent of the Revolution its success in mercantile and maritime affairs was unexampled. From the blow it received at that time, and which was repeated by the war of 1812, it never fully recovered. As a leading port of entry it was no longer known. But it had other

attractions,—Nature's bountiful gifts; and these, heightened by art and a cultivated taste, have made it what it is to-day. It was early noted for its refined and cultivated society, as “the chosen resort of the rich and philosophic from nearly all quarters of the world;” and in its hospitable mansions of to-day artists and scholars, poets and divines, statesmen and scientists, all find a recognition. The French officers under Rochambeau scratched on the windowpanes of their quarters the names of the belles with whom they danced; and the British officers, no less charmed, took to themselves Yankee wives during their occupation of the island. Berkeley prolonged his stay when he accidentally landed on this shore,—a stay that resulted in the formation of a philosophical society, and the foundation of a library that comprised the finest collection of books in America, Cambridge alone excepted. And in the salons of modern Newport may be found members of the diplomatic corps, and men of distinction in every profession. The settlement of questions of national importance has been frequently referred to commissions that held their sittings

here ; the days given to the discussion of questions of the deepest import, and the evenings passed in the society of women as lovely as they are refined and cultivated. What wonder that the position of Newport is pre-eminent, or that it is identified with all that is beautiful and attractive?

There is a marked difference in the appearance of the old part and the new part of Newport ; and whilst we treat of the one, it may not be amiss to note some of the peculiarities of the other. The new part has kept pace with the requirements of the day, and is adorned with beautiful cottages and villas, made still more attractive by well-kept lawns and flowering shrubs and plants of almost every known variety. But in the old part the most conservative will find but little in the way of change. Many shop-fronts that bear the marks of generations long gone to rest may still be seen ; and bunches of bananas, as like as two peas to those that hung at the door a century or more ago, are to be found in the same place. And of the inhabitants who occupy the old houses — But here let me relate an anecdote or two, illustrative of the tenacity with which they hold to the homes of their childhood. I give the facts, and suppress only the names.

A gentleman born in Newport, and who had spent 'mid other scenes the greater part of his life, returned to his native place a few years ago, and tried to recall events connected with his childhood. He remembered that he was sent to school to Marm Jones when but two years of age, and that he and another child of about the same age were frequently placed in a cradle during school-hours, and rocked by Becky Jones, Marm Jones's daughter, who assisted her mother in the school. The impression of the schoolroom had remained fresh in his mind. There was a small fireplace across the angle of the room, with tiles in the jambs ; and the heavy beams on the sides of the room were met by other heavy beams running overhead. This impression he sometimes supposed later in life was a creation of the mind, and had no foundation in reality ; but he clung to it tenaciously, and at last found that he had not been mistaken.

Passing up Thames Street, he came to an old building on the corner of North Baptist Street that he felt confident was the scene of his early school-days. Pausing to survey it, he asked an old man in the neighborhood if Marm Jones kept a school there forty years ago. "Yes," was the reply, "and she keeps school there now." — "She had a daughter Becky, who assisted her in the school : is she still living?" — "Yes," said the old man, "and in the same house. She is the Widow Smith now." This was enough for the inquirer, who at once knocked at the low door. The rap was answered by a woman past the prime of life ; and he asked, "Are you Mrs. Smith, formerly Becky

Jones, who kept school here forty years ago, with Marm Jones?"—"Yes, sir," she replied. "Well," said he, "I came to school here at that time, and was then but two years old."—"If that is so," said the woman, looking intently at him, "your name must be either Benjamin Long or George Short, for we had two children of that age; and we used to rock them in a cradle when they were tired."—"My name is Benjamin Long," said the gentleman, "and I am anxious to see your mother."

On entering a chamber above, to which he was conducted, he said at once, "This is the schoolroom. There is the fireplace in the angle, with its tiles; and there are the great beams overhead, and down the sides of the room." Then the old lady, Marm Jones, a woman of ninety, came in, who, when asked the same question that had been put to the daughter, said, "We had at that time two children placed under our care, and they were each about two years of age; and to keep them quiet we used to rock them in a cradle. Their names were Benjamin Long and George Short."—"This is Benjamin Long," said Becky. The old lady looked incredulous for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Why, Benjamin, how thee has changed! Thou hadst then soft, flaxen hair, and thy complexion was fair. There must be something in the air of New York that has changed its color, and made thee so brown." The babe she remembered, but she could not recognize in the strong and active man the child she had cared for in its infancy. Where will one find another instance of a school kept for forty years in one place and by the same "schoohmarm"?

On Long Wharf, just at the fork, and facing the Parade, there stands an old building, which was somewhat modernized a few years ago. It is now a paint-shop, but formerly it was occupied by three maiden sisters, who kept a circulating library that was the resort of all the belles of this old seaport—belles who had danced with Lauzon and Rochambeau, with De Chastellux and La Fayette; when novels were not so plentiful as in these days of a swarming press, and when the maidens who had the privilege of visiting this great centre of attraction eagerly caught up the latest importation (for there were no American novels at that date), and revelled in the outpourings of Miss Austen and Mrs. Radcliffe; and even the labored productions of Richardson, and it may be the satires of Swift, were almost as popular with this little set.

Well do I remember these spinsters; but this was long after their glory had departed, and when the taste for the few books that composed their scanty stock was as obsolete as the style of their close-fitting caps and gored dresses. But with all the changes that showed the marks of time in their well-seamed faces, as well as in the yellow leaves and dingy print of their books, they had lost but little of their cheerfulness. Each day the iron bars were taken down

from the shutters,—two on the front and one on the end of the store,—and the half door was opened; and then through the glazed door and windows there streamed in a flood of light, softened only by the muslin curtains, embroidered with curious figures, which carried the mind back to the time when Aaron Lopez and George Rome's small brigs and schooners brought these precious webs from the Old World to this then almost the only mart of the New.

The store was not more than eighteen or twenty feet in length, and about eight in width. There was a narrow counter on three sides, and the available space in the centre for customers was small indeed. But it sufficed, seeing that the favored few who were admitted to the shelves to make their selections at their leisure could retreat to the little sitting-room off the store, to which access was had by means of a glass door; and there the patrons of the library could talk with the sisters, who were always communicative about “Clarissa Harlowe,” and the virtues of “Pannela,” of Walpole’s “Castle of Otranto,” and of Miss Reeve’s “Old English Barons,” “The Scottish Chiefs,” “Sense and Sensibility,” “Pride and Prejudice” (has Miss Austen the sin laid to her door of introducing the alliteration now so much in vogue?), and “Persuasion.”

What a little world was that eight-by-ten sitting-room, with its fireplace set in the oblique side opposite the two windows, the small antique mirror, the wainscoted walls, and the half dozen high-back chairs, one of which, with a lower back and arms, painted white and gold, with the seat covered with green velvet, the sisters always said had once belonged to Louis XIV., but how it found its way to their snug retreat we were never informed. I have heard it said that Talleyrand once lodged in a house in that neighborhood—in the same range—*incog.*: had the sisters been aware of this fact, they might have associated the name of the Abbe de Périgord with that of Le Grand Monarque, when they pointed with pride to the chair which had strayed so far from the seat of royalty.

But to continue my inventory of the snug little parlor. There was the scanty carpet, the braided rug, the bright andirons; the well-fed cats, two or three of which were always basking in the sun that stole through the muslin curtains, or purring contentedly before the few embers on the hearth,—the embodiment of comfort, ease, and entire indifference to all that was passing beyond the scope of their vision, and the range of their daily walks for air and exercise.

And how shall I describe the three sisters,—three, yet one in every thing? As they lived, so they died, in peace and contentment, and just removed beyond

the confines of absolute want. One day to them was the same as another, and nothing seemed to affect the peaceful current of their lives. Their stock of goods was never large,—a few books for sale, but which were rarely sold; a few bunches of yarn hung outside the door; and a scanty supply of socks and stockings, the product of their leisure hours, and oftener made to order than for chance sale.

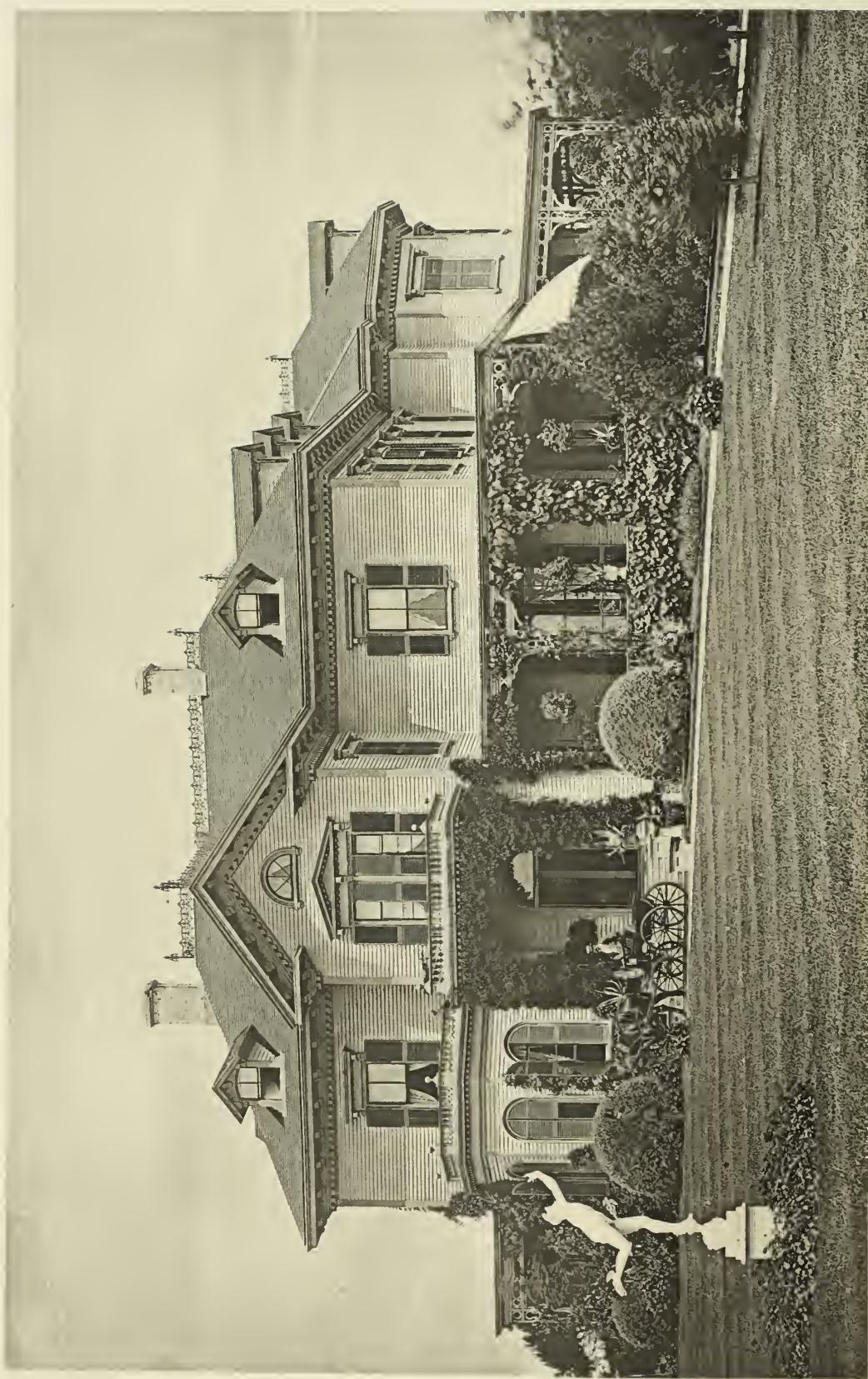
Thus they lived, wanting little, and that little procured without great difficulty. But the want of public appreciation of their books in later years was a sad thing to them, and they were fain to believe that the taste for reading had died out with the generation that had gone to their graves. There was the "Romance of the Forest," once engaged weeks in advance, now covered with the dust of age; and who could be so dull as not to prize the "Sicilian Robbers," and the "Mysteries of Udolpho"? Had not Scott called the author of these works "the first poetess of romantic fiction"? and did it not bespeak apathy on the part of the public to leave them idle on the shelves where they had slept untouched for years? But there the books remained, uncalled for save by some devourer of modern romance, who wished to taste of the perennial spring that gladdened the hearts of his ancestors. And during all this time the knots of yarn were hung out of the door every morning, to be taken in every evening, until they were gradually worked into stockings for those who were strangers to all their feelings, and in almost every thing save in name and person.

At last death came to this quiet abode. The mob cap was silently laid aside, and the gored dress was exchanged for a winding-sheet; and then the survivors, with a few friends, followed the remains to their last resting-place. The charmed circle once entered, death found it easy work to secure another victim; and so, in a few short years, the same scene was enacted. And then but one of the sisterhood—a band so united that it seemed as if it had but one heart, one organization—was left to mourn over departed joys, and to look forward to the time when the circle, so rudely broken on earth, should be united in heaven. But for years she had to walk in the valley alone. There still was the remnant of the old stock of books, the bunch of yarn, the muslin curtains, the dust, the high-backed chairs; and there the cats, which, generation after generation, had ruled almost supreme in the little parlor.

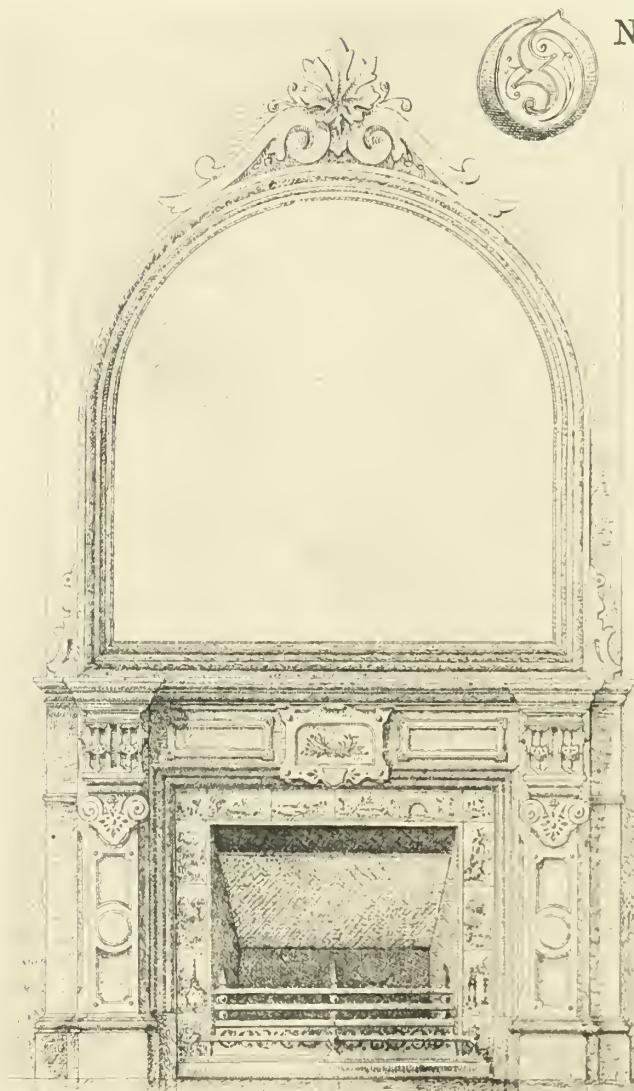
At last the hands became too feeble to ply the needles, the shutters were sometimes not taken down of a morning, and the socks and the yarn were missed from the door-post. Then we knew that disease, or, rather, the infirmity of age, was putting its seal on the form that once made every thing there pleasant and cheerful; and so kind friends came forward, and urged her to

give up her lonely life, and take up her abode with those who would minister to the wants of her declining days. "But what," said she, "will become of the cats? They will not go too, and I cannot leave them behind. And who will look after the leaks in the garret when I am gone? I know every crack and crevice, and just where to place the bowls when it rains. No, I cannot go, for there is no one to take my place." In time these scruples were overcome; and the good woman was carried forth from her old home, the abode of a lifetime, unlike her sisters in their shrouds, but hovering over the grave into which she soon after descended. And then the few remaining books were scattered to the winds, the muslin curtains found their way to the paper-mill, the high-backed chairs were last seen under the auctioneer's hammer (what became of the Louis XIV. I never knew), and the sign over the door, which had withstood the wear of so many tempests that its faded letters of black and white on a pink ground could hardly be deciphered, was taken down. The business was closed.

THE MELVILLE HOME, 1850. EASTON, MASS.



JAMES P. KERNOCHAN, Esq.



ON Marine Avenue stands the villa of Mr. James P. Kernochan. It embraces about ten acres, running down to the beach on the east. In the lawn proper there are five acres, beautifully laid out, profusely stocked with fine plants and trees, and rich in flowering shrubs. The stables are hid from view by a luxuriant growth of trees on the right; and the large curvilinear grapevines and conservatories may be seen on the left. The porch, veranda, bay-windows, and rustic summer-houses, are draped with a wealth of foliage from climbing vines; and the air is fragrant with the perfume of honeysuckles and roses. The drawing-room, library, and other rooms, each with a distinct treatment, are richly adorned; and the ballroom with its vaulted ceiling, and its delicate and chaste decorations in white, blue, and gold,

elicits the admiration of all who enjoy the hospitalities of this attractive summer residence.

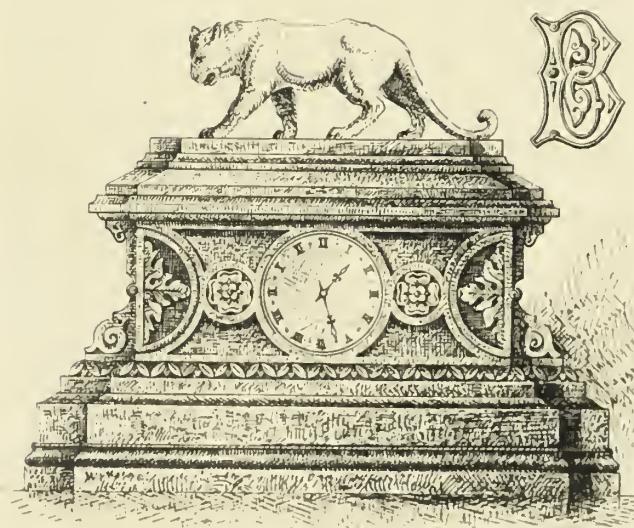
In form, the ballroom is a square of thirty-two feet, with deep bays that give the extremes of forty-two by forty-eight feet. The bays open upon broad verandas; the ribbed and vaulted ceiling (with a light at the apex, surrounded

by a delicate tracery that serves as a ventilator) is relieved by arabesques in gold ; the frieze is supported on Corinthian pilasters at the angles ; the floor, of marquetry, is highly polished ; and provision is made for the orchestra in a gallery reached from the second story. A more beautiful combination, or one better suited to the purpose for which it was designed, it would be difficult to find.



“*THE HOUSE OF THE BROTHERS*”
“*THE HOUSE OF THE BROTHERS*”
“*THE HOUSE OF THE BROTHERS*”
“*THE HOUSE OF THE BROTHERS*”

HON. AUGUST BELMONT.



YTHESEA, Mr. Belmont's fine estate, is on the corner of Bellevue and Marine Avenues, and extends to the sea on the east, embracing about fourteen acres, with a wide frontage on the water, and a bathing beach. The ample proportions of the lawn admit of the house standing well back from the avenue; the land gradually rising to it on all sides. The location is unsurpassed, and the view is all

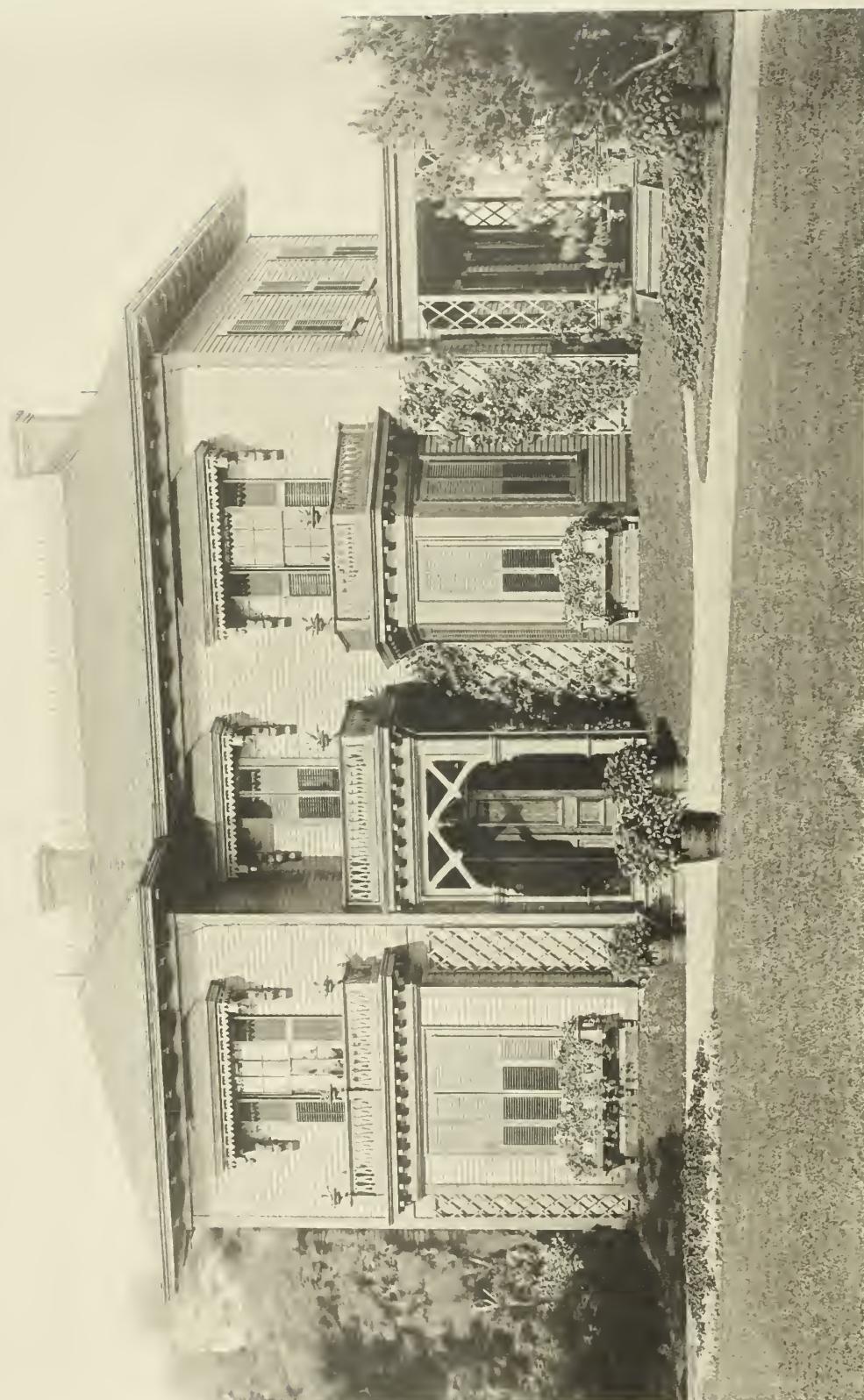
that one can desire. On two sides of the house there is an uninterrupted view of the sea, and the waves are ever rolling in on the little beach at the foot of the lawn. The grounds are stocked with the choicest plants and trees, so grouped as to form vistas that delight the eye, and invite one to linger and enjoy the scene. The air is filled with perfume from beds of mignonette, carnations, and tuberoses; honeysuckles and wisterias cling to every thing that will afford them support; and butterflies and humming-birds flit from flower to flower. The ruddy cheeks of nectarines and early Yorks are seen through the glass of the peach-houses; the graperies yield tempting bunches of Hamburgs and flame-colored Tokays; and the conservatories, stripped in summer of their treasures to adorn the corridors and grounds, still retain their Marshal Neills and other rare climbers.

The house is one of ample proportions: its rooms, broad and deep, are all *en suite*, with rich hangings, delicately-tinted ceilings, and rare works of art. The ballroom, on the east looking directly upon the sea, opens from the drawing-room and dining-room by wide sliding doors, each a single plate of glass. The room itself is of the most liberal proportions, broken in its outline

by bays on three sides, and appropriately adorned. The broad veranda, which is an essential part of every summer retreat by the sea, extends around three sides of the house, and is made additionally attractive by the flowering vines intwined around the columns, and which almost hide from view the balustrade.

The extensive stables, now almost hid from view by the growth of trees, are on the left on entering the grounds; and on the right there is a picturesque lodge, vine-clad and embedded in flowers. The shore-line of the lawn terminates in a gravel-walk just within the sea-wall; and on a point of rocks, making out into the breakers, there is a rustic summer-house, overgrown with bignonias and woodbines.

ELLEN-GEITEN. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26.



FRANCIS A. STOUT, Esq.



N the east side of Bellevue Avenue, a short distance below Marine Avenue, Mr. Stout has his summer residence. The house, almost hid from view by the foliage of a fine growth of trees, was one of the first erected on the avenue. It was built simply for a comfortable residence by the seaside during the summer months; and, whilst it boasts of no architectural attractions, it has other charms that more than compensate for any thing wanting in structural adornments. The grounds that surround it are charming; and the view of the sea, from the lawn on the east, is something to be remembered. Here one meets with culture, and an appreciation of the beautiful, on every hand.

To have our hedges neatly clipped, our flower-beds well stocked, and the borders of our grounds adorned with goodly trees, is one thing; but it is another thing to understand the peculiarities and requirements of the plants around us: just as there is a difference between giving an order to a bookseller to fill our shelves, and the enjoyment of making our own selections from old and well-tried authors. As we enjoy our books whilst within doors, so would we enjoy our trees and shrubs when in the open air: not becoming bookworms or pedants on the one hand, nor botanists on the other; but with a cultivated taste, and a refined sense of the beautiful, that will teach us to appreciate the lines of Mary Howitt:—

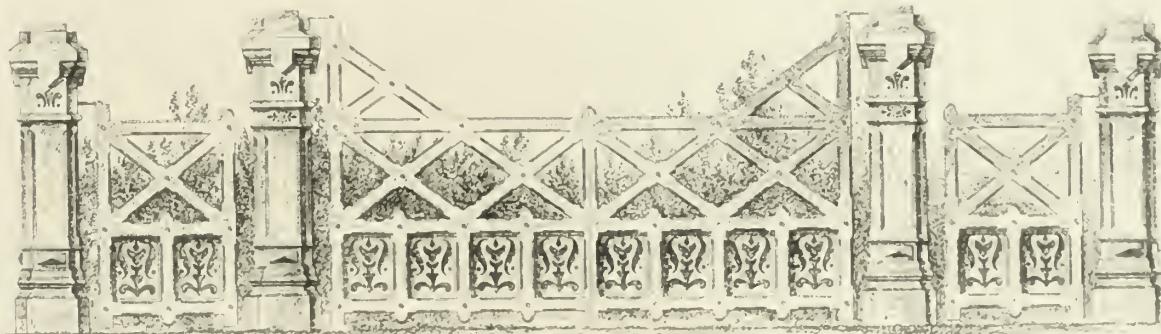
“God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

• • • • •
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours, —
For luxury, medicine, and toil, —
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light.
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

Our outward life requires them not:
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,—
To beautify the earth."

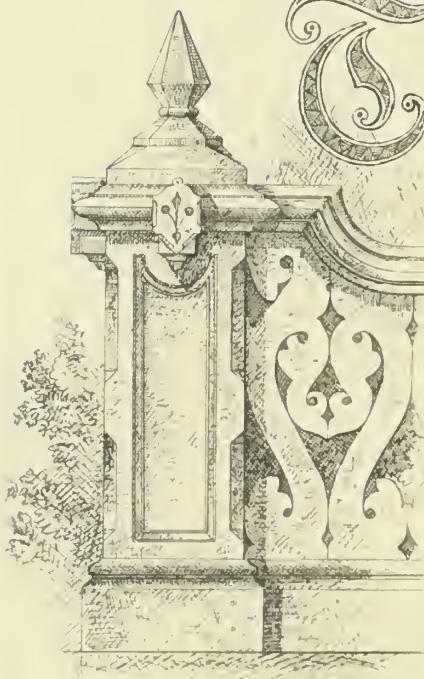
Hazlitt, in his charming description of the impression the tea-gardens at Walworth made on him when a boy, says, "All I have observed since of flowers and plants and grass-plots, and of suburb delights, seems to me borrowed from the first garden of innocence,— to be slips and scions from the bed of memory." And there is hardly an English writer of the present century, of any note, who has not given us beautiful passages on the culture of plants, and the pleasure to be derived from ornamental gardens. Nor need we pause here, but may go back to the days of Evelyn, who, it is said, first taught gardening to speak proper English, and find the way adorned with gems of thought, brought to the surface in shady walks like these, and in sight of gay parterres.



“*STATION* *IN* *THE* *FIELD*”
“*NOVEMBER* *5*, *1875*”



L. P. MORTON, Esq.



THE summer residence of L. P. Morton, Esq., is on the east side of Bellevue Avenue, and the corner of Marine Avenue. It is one of the few Elizabethan cottages in Newport, and is an excellent example of this style. It stands in the centre of the lawn, is built of brick and brown stone; and from its location, graceful proportions, and well-defined outline, will always command attention. Within, the hall is a striking feature of this well-arranged house, with its broad staircase and massive balustrade.

A few years since, Mr. Morton, wanting more room, added a spacious ballroom, connecting it with the drawing-room, and with entrances also from the lawn. It is elaborately decorated; and the little breaks and corners, systematically

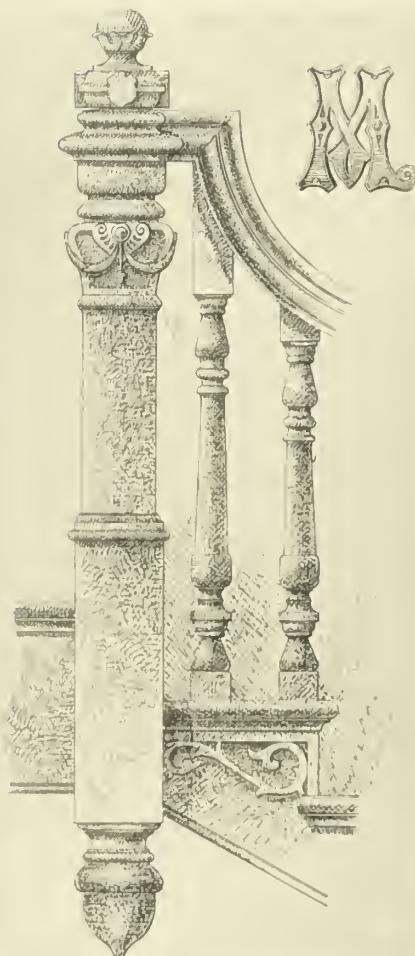
arranged, add to the general effect, and afford room for those who are not dancing, but who would watch the dancers in the mazy round of the waltz or galop. How softly the music steals to us as we step out on the lawn,—Fair-lawn!—How quick we are to catch the change to some favorite air of Liszt or Von Bnlow! and ere we stroll through the shrubbery we pause, unwilling to move till the last notes of “In Sonnenschein,” so appropriate on a bright and glowing day like this, have died on the air. The very crickets, whose voices are so musically rendered, give an approving chirp; and for the moment we fancy that all the winged insects are in motion, rejoicing with us “in the sunshine.”

The grapevines and stables, of which one catches a glimpse on entering the grounds, are on the left, and back from the avenue.



FREDERICK SEELDON, Esq., NEW YORK.

FREDERICK SHELDON, Esq.

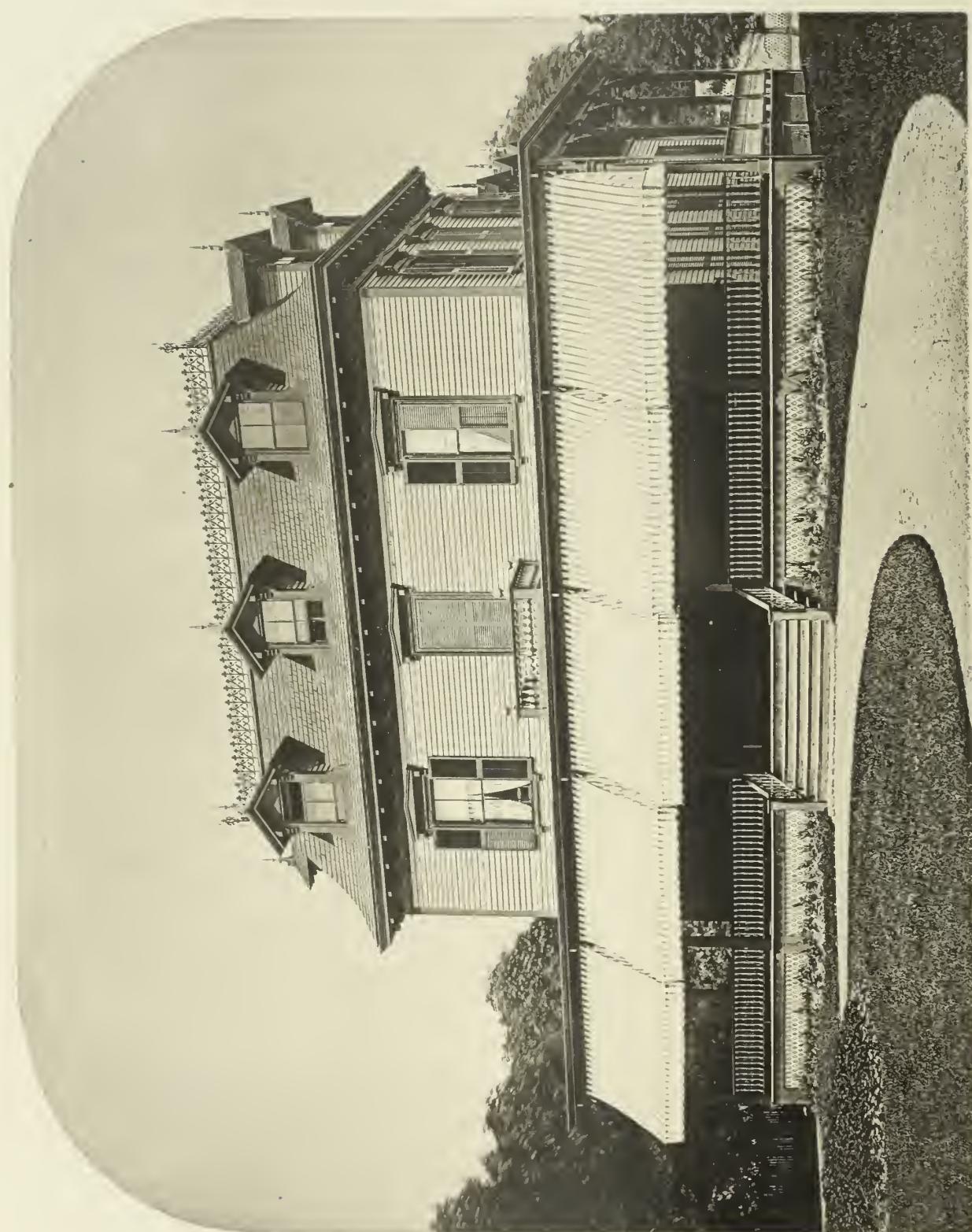


R. SHELDON of New York has built a cottage on the corner of Narragansett Avenue and Annnadale Street, that reminds one forcibly of the old colonial houses of New England. Indeed, it was intended to embody the characteristic features and the attractive qualities of the stately old mansions of our forefathers, which have never yielded their place in the estimation of those who early learned to admire them. Here and there a well-preserved building of this class, representing the best style of domestic architecture of the last century, may still be found, particularly in the old seaport towns; and when found we are sure to learn that it is highly prized and properly cared for. Mr. Sheldon, appreciating the home comforts of these old mansions, the embodiment of all that is essential in a country house, has adhered closely to the best specimens that have come down to us,

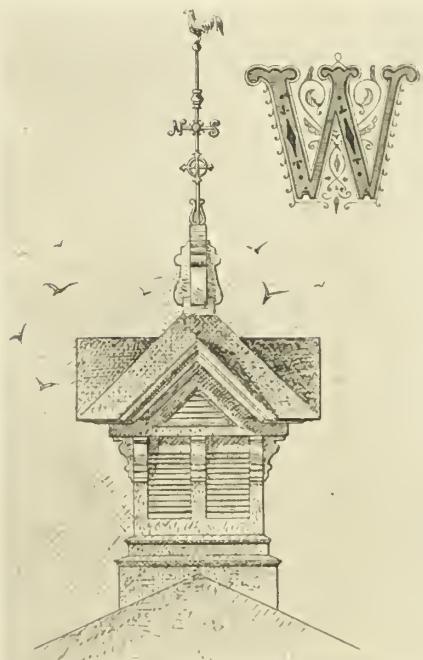
and in so doing has secured broad verandas, an open porch with inviting, generous seats on either side, a spaciouss hall with its high wainscot, wide, open fireplace, and staircase in keeping, and a fine suite of rooms.

The trees which have been judiciously planted about the place have had but a few years' growth, but are rapidly coming forward; the lawn is smoothly graded, and is perfectly kept; the stables are seen on the left, and in the paddock beyond some of the finest Alderneys may be seen grazing.

BOYD. TERNERY & CO. PRINTERS, 230. NEW YORK.



HENRY A. TAILER, Esq.



ELL back from the roadway, on the east side of Bellevue Avenue, and between Narragansett Avenue and Dixon Street, stands the summer residence of Mr. Tailer of New York, who, during the short time he has owned it, has so improved and beautified the spot that one would hardly recognize it. Of modest dimensions and pleasing proportions, the cottage nestles down in the little nook that seems to have been designed for it, its broad piazzas on three sides of the house inviting one to pause and enjoy beneath its grateful shade the evening breeze, the soft perfume from

beds of flowers, and the fragrance of newly-cut grass.

“ The air is drugged with the rich steam from flowers
Bathed in soft dew: the evening hours
Steal in so gently that their golden haze
Is merged in softening silver rays.”

Within doors, it is new throughout,—its colors judiciously selected and happily blended, its walls and ceilings tastefully adorned, and all its fittings adapted to, and in keeping with, a summer retreat by the seaside.

NARRAGANSETT AVENUE.



ARRAGANSETT AVENUE is one of the finest streets in Newport. It has a uniform width of sixty feet, and extends from Thames Street on the west, to the sea on the east. In 1851, Bellevue Avenue extended no farther south than Narragansett Avenue, and there was but comparatively little building in that neighborhood till years after that date. Now east of Bellevue Avenue there are but two unimproved lots; nor is it surprising that property in that neighborhood has found appreciative buyers. The grade is good, the road-bed hard and smooth, the culverts are ample, and on either hand there is a fine row of trees. Of the fine estates on this avenue, we may mention Messrs. George Tiffany, Robert Ray, E. H. Schermerhorn, Frederick Sheldon, George R. Fearing, Robert H. Ives, William R. Travers, Gov. Morgan, Charles H. Russell, Miss Gray and Miss Callender, and the Ogden estate. The above are all east of Bellevue Avenue; and on the west there are the estates of Mrs. Bryce, Messrs. D. W. Holmes, Harry Russell, John Carey, jun., and Mrs. D. B. Greene.

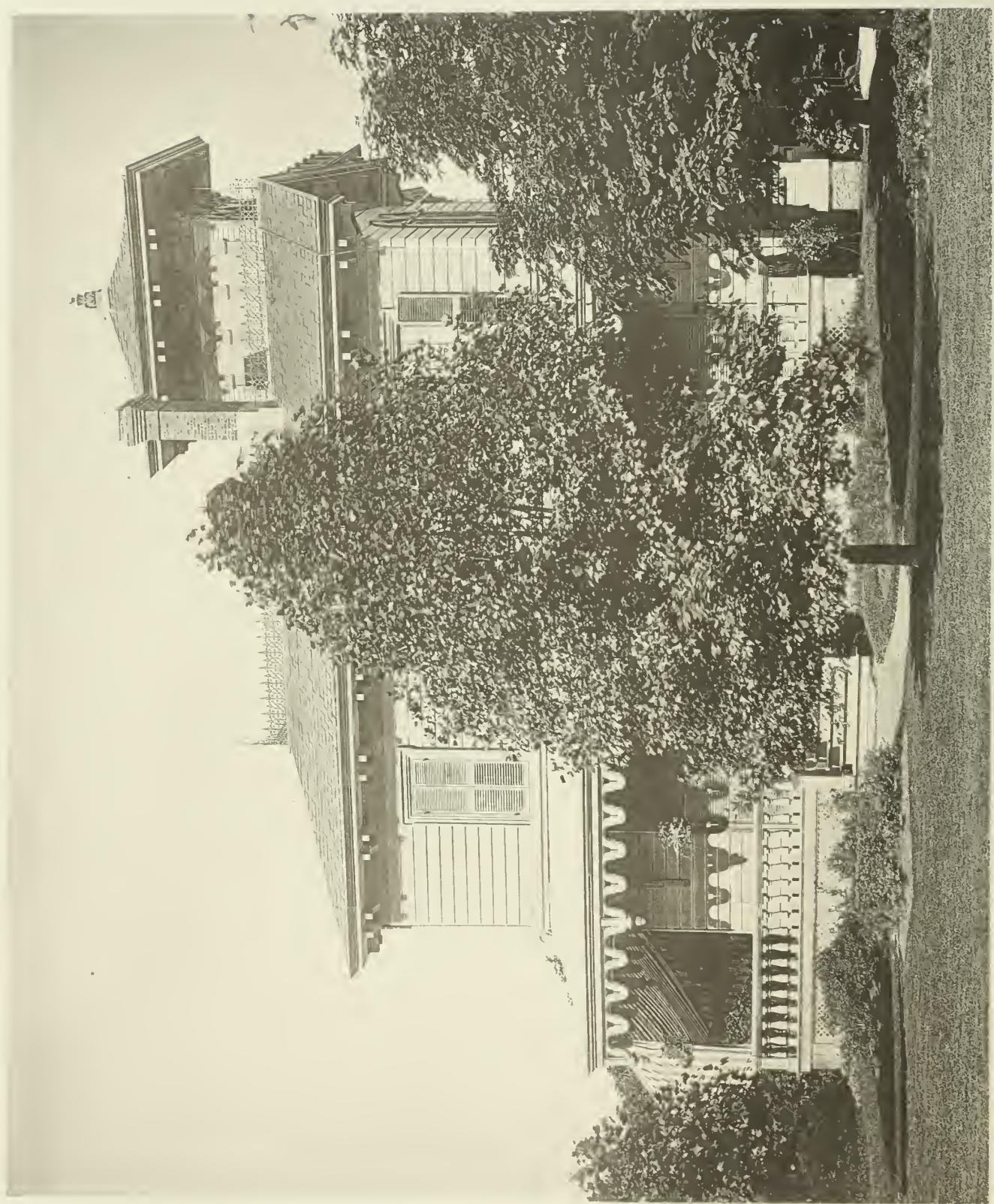
The view on the avenue, looking west beneath the over-arching trees, reveals the lawns on the opposite side of the little valley beyond Thames Street, where scattered villas rise from hillsides clothed with verdure. To the east, looking down the long vista, one catches a view of the sea dotted with fishing-boats, and the breakers that whiten the headland of Seituat Point: the lawns, as we drive by, revealing their wealth of bright flowers, and filling the air with fragrance. But when we reach the verge of the cliff, and get a fresh puff from the ocean, for the moment we forget the flowers in our admiration of the sea. We stand entranced, and know not which view most to admire. On the north, looking over the well-kept grounds of Mr. Ives's "Ocean-lawn," we never tire of the long line of undulating shore, the groups of bathers and bathing-houses on the town beach, the glassy surface of Easton's Pond beyond, and the background dotted with hay-ricks, apple-orchards, trim gardens of well-to-do farmers, grazing flocks, and fields of

ripening corn. The surf breaks merrily at the foot of the cliff, and rattles over the shingle; and children, dividing their attention between the buttercups and the tumbling surf, add their notes to the laughing waters, and make us long to be a child again.

On the right of the avenue, we enter a superb piece of unimproved land, embracing eight or ten acres, the property of Mrs. Samuel Colt of Hartford: and, as we stroll over the path on the verge of the bank, we drink in all the charm of the ocean view, which extends seaward as far as the eye can reach, broken only by Gay Head, Island Rock, Seacow Point, and the village spires on the main. The sun has already gone to rest, but still we linger; and the moon, as she rises from the sea, throws a mellow light on every ripple, so beautiful, so enticing, as to make us wonder if it is all real.

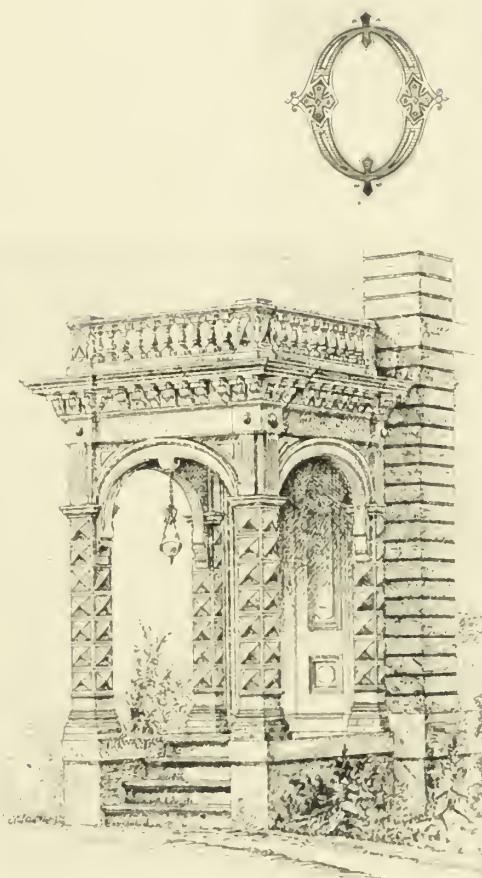
“ For there is something in the sound of waters
Sweeter than sweetest mirth,
Uttering aloud the soul’s unspoken longings,
Sought and unfound on earth.”

The steps at the end of the avenue take us to the beach below, where, in days gone by, there was a cavern in the bank, known as Conrad’s Cave. The spot still retains the name, but all signs of the cave have disappeared. The frost and rain, and the continued action of the sea, have helped to remove a landmark, and to change the face of the cliff. The upper portion of the bank, where not protected by the greensward, yields readily to the elements; but the base is of rock, though even here changes are discernible from time to time.



EDWARD J. HARRIS, JR., M.D., F.A.P.H.A.
CLINTON, ILLINOIS

HON. E. D. MORGAN.



N the south side of Narragansett Avenue, and running through to Webster Street, stands the summer residence of Hon. E. D. Morgan of New York, who has added greatly to the attractions of the place since it has been in his possession. The trees were planted in the early days of tree-planting in Newport,—soon after the opening of the avenue; and now, having attained to superb proportions, they almost hide from view the villa and the lawn, which runs far back into the grounds. Here one finds many stately trees, single and in groups, and the shrubs are all well rounded and properly cared for; the beds and borders are profusely filled with flowering plants; unremitting attention has given to the lawn a velvet-like coat; and the hedges mark the

bounds of the gardens. The graperies and peach-houses, which are hid from view by a dense growth of trees, yield abundance of fruit; and the forcing-houses are chiefly used for propagating plants for the flower-beds.

The villa is in the Italian style, with a varied outline made by bays, gables, tower, and graceful portico, presenting on every side some attractive feature. Crossing the vestibule, we enter a wide hall, connecting with the parlors on the east and the dining-room on the south, and facing the lawn seen beneath the broad party-colored awnings, which exclude the sun, but offer no obstacle to the perfume-laden breeze. These spacious rooms are tastefully adorned, and the walls are hung with choice works of art, gathered by Gov. Morgan in different lands during his sojourn abroad.



PLATE ONE HUNDRED. GEORGE R. SPENCER, ESQ. NEWPORT, R. I.

GEORGE R. FEARING, ESQ.



III

R. FEARING has made Newport his permanent abode. His estate is on the north side of Narragansett Avenue, and but a short distance from the sea. It is essentially a French pavilion, carried out with a thoroughness and completeness that reminds one of the country seats in the neighborhood of Geneva, which are so much admired by American travellers on the Continent. The materials are a light brick and a sandstone but a shade darker than the brick. The stone is beautifully wrought; and in

many parts it is elaborately carved, particularly over the bays, at the angles of the frieze, and on the lintels of the windows. The details are in perfect keeping with the general plan, and the closest attention has been paid to every feature of this fine structure.

Within, the same attention has been paid to the finish, which is of various hard woods, with high wainscots, carvings, and generous open fireplaces,—fireplaces such as our great-grandfathers enjoyed, and which are large enough and broad enough to admit of burning the “yule-log;” fireplaces with wide-splayed jambs, projecting hoods, massive andirons, huge back-logs, and a deep hearth piled in winter with heaping coals and blazing fagots that send a cheerful glow into every corner. How we delight in such a room, of a cold night! How we watch the shadows as they dance upon the wall, assuming shapes that border upon the weird and supernatural! As we gather around the fire with a smile of contentment, how the wind comes to the window with a gentle tap, and coaxingly asks to be admitted to the warmth and

light within! Finding no encouragement there, it whisks round the corner to the door, rattling the blinds as it hurries by, and knocks with a heavier hand, telling of a temper that brooks no restraint devised by man. Gaining nothing, but rather maddened by its ill success, it gathers up its forces for a general onslaught. How it rushes up and down the corridor, whirling the dry leaves into corners, and making the stiff limbs of the old trees crack and snap in the frosty air! How it moans and wails, or by turns sighs piteously to excite our sympathy! and anon, bursting with choler, it fills the air with a screech like

“The wolf’s long howl from Oonalaska’s shore.”

How it flies to the housetop, where it twists the eddying smoke into a thousand fantastic wreaths, and roars down the flue a blast of defiance! How the bright flames, for the moment turned back by the impetuosity of the besieger, gain new strength from his discomfiture! How we look up from our book, and smile to think that noisy, blustering, chilly as it may be without, within it is all peace and happiness, and involuntarily give thanks for the blessings of home and the joys of a winter’s night by one’s own fireside!

This fine house is hardly out of the builders’ hands, and much has yet to be done to complete the approach and the grounds.



“କର୍ମଚାରୀ ପରିବାର ପରିବାର ପରିବାର

MISS C. L. WOLFE.



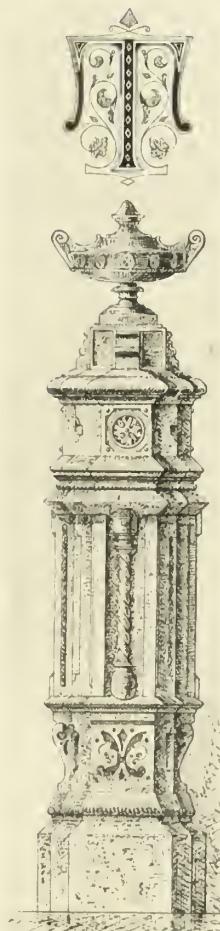
FEW cottages in the more compact part of Newport have so fine a location as that of Miss Wolfe, of New York, on Mill, Pelham, and George Streets, and facing Touro Park. The house is surrounded by trees, the growth of many years, and, happily, so placed that they were not disturbed when the house, a modern one, was erected. On the north, and running to the west, there is a well-graded bit of lawn, broken in its outline by groups of shrubs, superb specimens of Turkish box, and other choice plants. The house is replete with all that is delightful and attractive,—tasteful decorations, harmonious coloring, and superb works of art.

In the park in front of the house stands the Old Stone Mill, so closely identified with Newport,—its history unknown, its origin conjectural, and every thing connected with it shrouded in mystery. Was it built by the Northmen, the followers of Red Eric? or, shorn of such honors, was it simply in its day an old mill for grinding corn? Was it a haven of refuge for the colonists when forced by the Indians to take up the defensive, or only a storehouse for munitions of war,—at best, but a small stock of powder and arms? We know it now as a picturesque, vine-clad ruin, but who shall tell us what it was? History is silent, traditions are conflicting and unreliable; and nought has yet been discovered that will throw the least light on the vexed question, Who built the Old Stone Mill? and for what purpose was it erected? The only mention of it by the early settlers is found in the will of Gov. Arnold, the first charter governor, who owned the property at the time of his death, and who expressed a wish to be buried in the burial-ground west of his “stone-built windmill.” Gov. Arnold lies buried in the grounds adjoining the Unitarian Church on Mill Street.



EDWARD KING, 250, NEWPORT, R.I.

EDWARD KING, Esq.

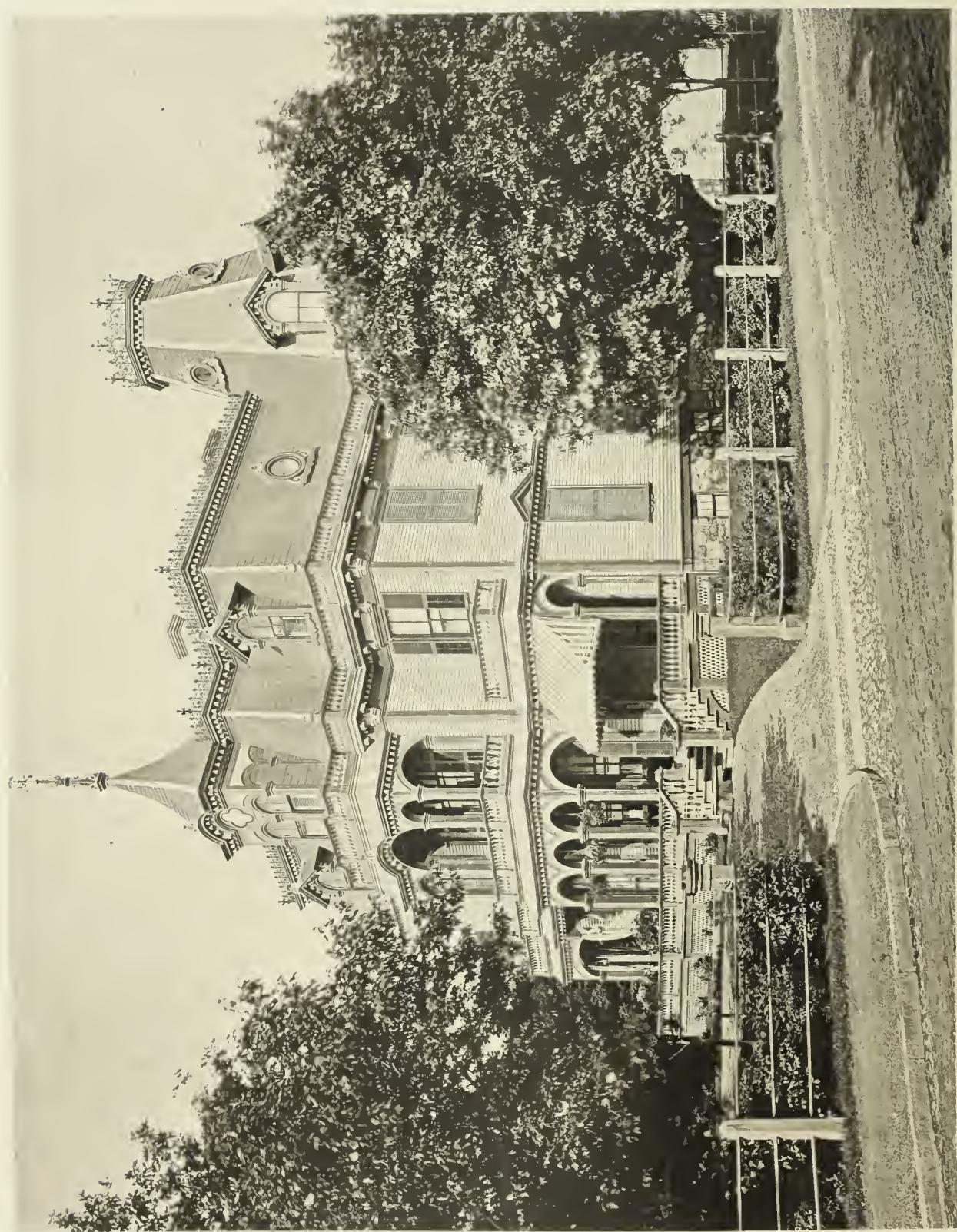


HE residence of Mr. King embraces the square surrounded by Spring, Golden Hill, King, and Bowery Streets; and the grounds, with their wide and shady roads and noble growth of trees, are more like an English park than any other estate in Newport. The evergreens and deciduous trees, comprising all the finest varieties, have attained to lordly proportions, and are the abode of birds and squirrels, which are never disturbed in their quiet retreats. Down the long vistas the dark leaves of the purple beech mingle with those of the maple and oak; and the linden and chestnut, the cypress and holly, all find ample space to grow and expand on the broad acres set apart for their culture.

The house, successfully placed on rising ground, is built of brick and brown stone, and is, in the fullest sense, an Italian villa, perfectly balanced in its parts, varied in its outline, and relieved by towers, gables, and balconies, all having an extended view over the city and the wide reach of waters of Narragansett Bay. The spacious hall, drawing-rooms, and library, all *en suite*, are beautifully decorated,—

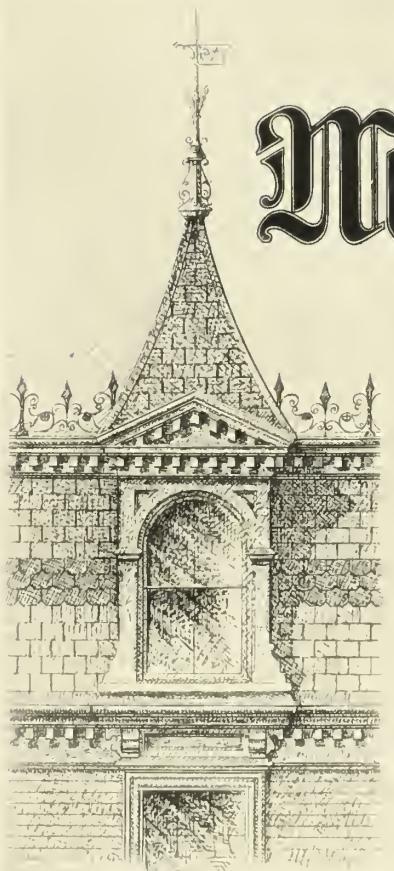
“ And round the walls are pictures,—some calm scenes
Of earth’s green loveliness: and some whose hues
Were caught from faces in whose smile our life
Is one of Paradise,—and statues whose white grace
Is as a dream of poetry.”

The stables, gardens, and conservatory are on the north, and are in a measure shut off from view from the lawn.



THE MONTGOMERY, C. M. MURRAY, LTD., HAWTHORPE, CT.

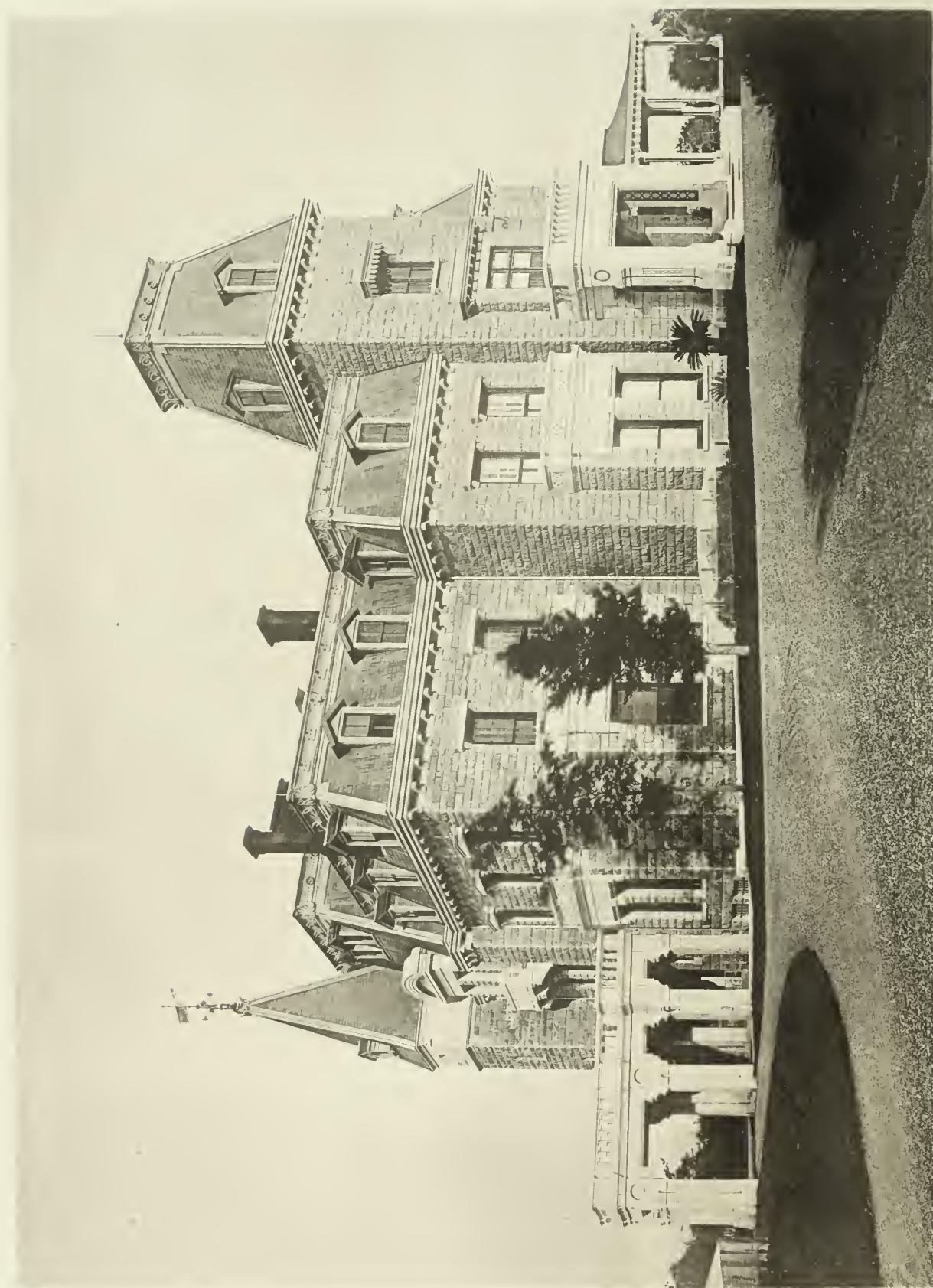
C. N. BEACH, Esq.



R. BEACH'S residence, on the corner of Kay and Ayrault Streets, is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the latest of the many fine structures of this class in Newport. Happily the trees on the lot were well grown,—almost too much so to give a fine view of the house from the street,—thus enabling him to secure results in a single season that would otherwise have required many years to bring about. The house is large and commodious, and highly ornamental in all its details; its lines have all been studied with care; its balconies and terraces are picturesque; and, although comparatively shut in, there is an extended view from the upper windows. The principal rooms are finished in hard woods, with a rich and effective wainscot in hall, staircase, and billiard-room; the vestibule floor is tessellated, the ceilings are relieved with chaste and effective decorations, the color everywhere—on walls, hangings, and in furnishings—is tender and pleasing; and the whole effect is one to gratify the eye, and satisfy the most exacting demands.

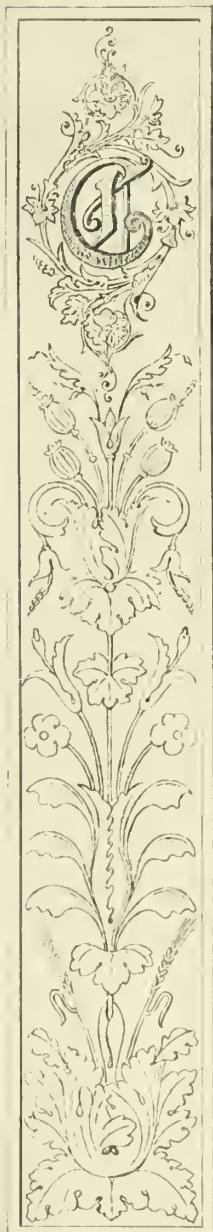
We cannot but allude here to the names of the two streets on which this fine house is located. Kay is named after Nathaniel Kay, a collector of king's customs in Newport in colonial times, and who died here, bequeathing a large part of his property to charitable purposes in Newport and Bristol. In commemoration of his liberality, one of the finest streets in Newport, and the Episcopal chapel on Church Street, bear his name.

Ayrault Street was named after the Ayraults, who were Huguenots, and fled to America in 1685-6. Several families of this name still exist in Poitou, France, where they have occupied honorable positions, including that of judges and consuls at Nirot, in the seventeenth century, and at that epoch one of the number was prior and dean of the Abbey of Trinity. One branch of the family was known as "Ayrault de la Domangire," and the other branch dwelt in Parthenay. Members of the former came to America, and settled in Rhode Island. The family name is extinct; but there are descendants still living, and of the ninth generation since the arrival in America.



“ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ ପାତାଳ

GEO. PEABODY WETMORE, Esq.



HATEAU-SUR-MER, the summer residence of Mr. Wetmore of New York, is one of the most imposing structures on Bellevue Avenue. It dates from the early days of Newport as a fashionable resort, and it has been greatly enlarged and improved during the past few years. When first built it stood alone, and it was even a question how soon Bellevue Avenue, then projected but not laid out below Narragansett Avenue, would be carried through.

The house that stood on the site of the present structure was built of brown stone: but the owner never saw it completed, for it was destroyed by fire whilst in course of erection. The ground was then sold, and became the property of the late William S. Wetmore, Esq., who decided to build there a permanent residence, selecting Fall River granite as the material for his house. It was during his residence here, and soon after the completion of the house, that he gave a *réception champêtre* to his life-long friend, the late George Peabody, Esq., of London, which was attended by the *élite* from all parts of the country, and was marked by elegance and refinement.

On the death of Mr. Wetmore, it descended to his only son, who has since remodelled the house, and in so doing has made extensive and elegant additions to a structure already of more than ordinary dimensions. Here the eye is gratified with carvings that would have delighted the pupils of Ghiberti or Inigo Jones,—the finest specimens of the art, beyond all compare, that we have ever seen in America,—a magnificent staircase passing up through the tower, beautiful marbles, encaustic tiles, elegant hangings, and choice works of art.

The entrance gates, with their massive posts of granite, are in keeping with the mansion. The grounds have been newly graded and planted within a few years; and when the trees, of more than ordinary size for moving, which have been brought together and carefully located, take a firm hold, they will add greatly to the general effect.

The graperies and other fruit-houses, seen on the left, are extensive, and yield a great quantity of fruit; and the conservatories are stocked with all that is rare and choice in flowering plants.

THE BATHING BEACH.



T can hardly be said of one who has not visited the bathing beach, that he has seen Newport. Easton's Beach, the chief resort of bathers, is beautiful in form and color, and is seen to best advantage from the cliffs. It is a mile in length, and crescent shaped, the cliffs on the west, and Easton's Point on the east, making the two horns ; and the breakers that spend their force upon the shingle, like strings of pearls, divide the emerald of the sea from the golden sand of the shore. The waters are full of life ; restless and ever changing, they never repeat their forms. But at times I have watched this shore when all nature was hushed in repose. No breath fanned the glassy surface of the sea ; and the swell of the ocean rolled in, in unbroken lines that at best formed but a gentle ripple. Every object was reflected in the clear flood with such truth that none could say, Here the real ends : there the image begins. The long grasses from the bottom floated in undisturbed repose ; the sea-birds hushed their wild notes ; and the tiny fish, sporting in the last rays of the declining sun, ceased not their play till day had melted into night. But in the storm seasons of the year the waves break upon the shore with a deafening roar.

Allston loved this beach ; and, if tradition may be trusted, here, with Malbone his fellow-student, he studied those effects of color which they both at a later date transferred to canvas. Channing, too, spent many hours on this shore in contemplation. It was then seldom visited except by the sand-cart and a few fishermen ; but fashion has changed all this, and now in midsummer hundreds are daily on the beach, enjoying the view and the ocean breeze.

Ladies and their escorts assemble for bathing at ten o'clock. Omnibuses and stages run to and from the hotels, and private carriages without number are also on the spot. The bathing soon follows, and from every box a form or two rushes, greatly disguised, often beyond recognition, — paterfamilias leading

a brood of children many; the poor invalid, lifted in strong arms, and taken down to the sea; the dashing belle, plunging beneath the swelling billows, to rise

“From sand and seaweed, as proud Venus rose;”

and those

“Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation’s so equivocal;”

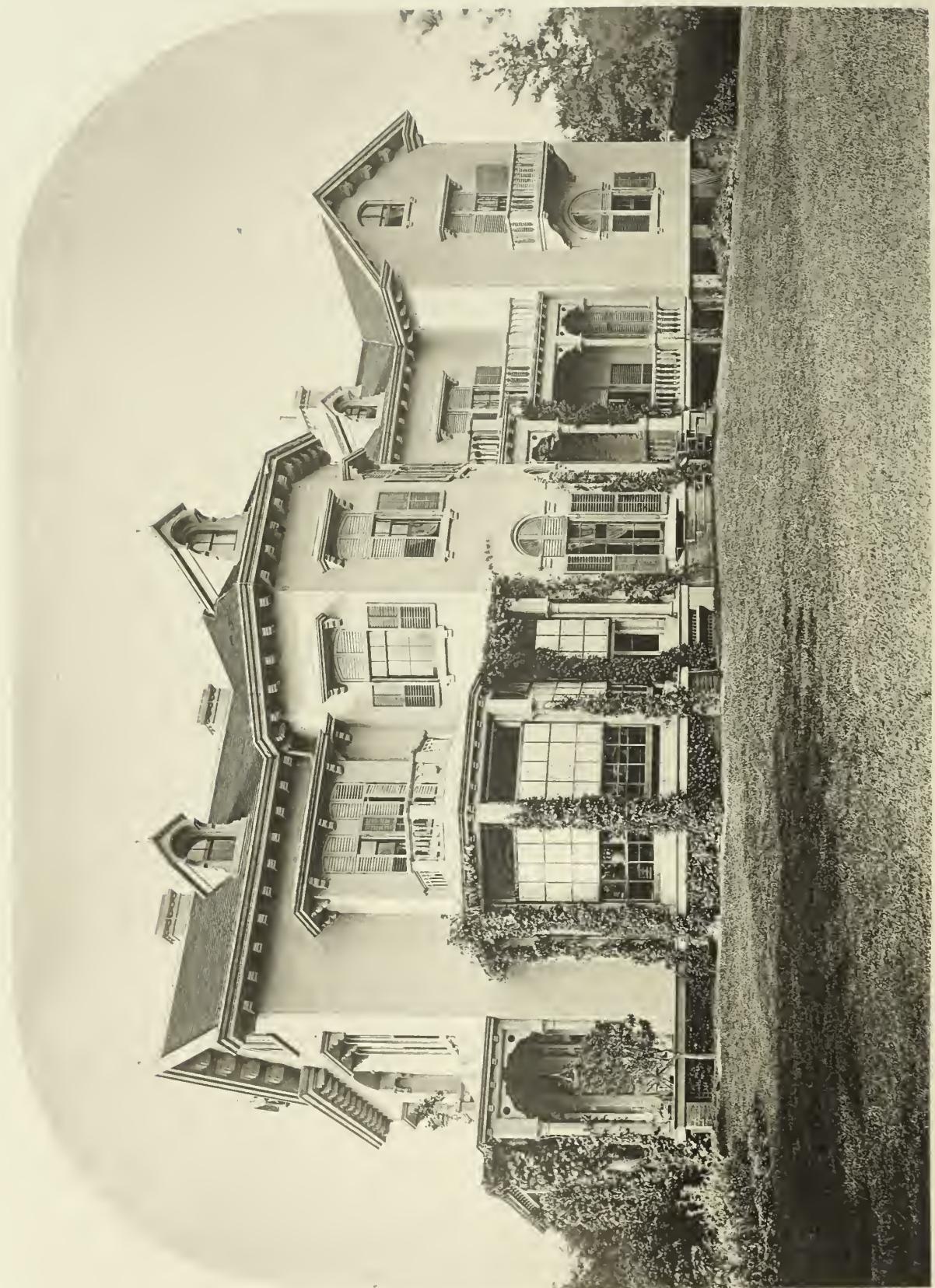
who parade the beach in costumes quaint and queer, pleased with themselves, and vainly supposing they were made to please.

At noon all this is changed. The white flag is hauled down; a red bunting takes its place; the ladies retire, and for a few hours the beach is given up exclusively to gentlemen.

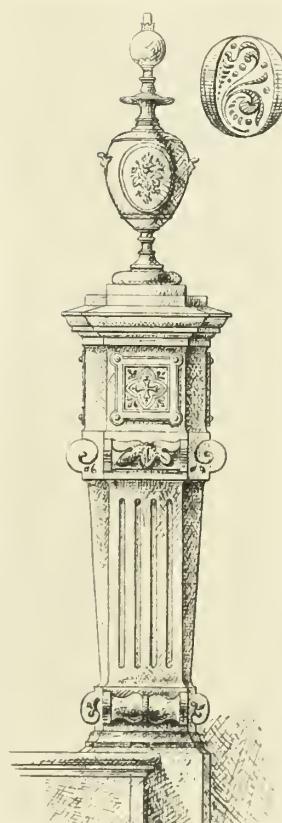
Sea-bathing has been recommended for the cure of almost every ill to which flesh is heir; even to the bite of a mad dog, for which Mead in his “Essay on Poisons” recommended that the patient be alternately drowned and recovered till a change was observed; and Madame Sevigne, in her charming letters, alludes to a similar belief in her day. Sheridan compared sea-bathing to pickles, which he said did not agree with him. Horne Tooke thought it would be just as reasonable for fishes to come to land to regain their health, as for invalids to resort to the sea for that purpose. Lamb found that salt foam nourished the spleen; and who has not laughed over the anecdote of Elia, who, having been immersed several times in rapid succession by his attendants, managed at last to stammer out that he was “only to be di-di-dipped once”?

Sea-bathing has its attractions, and is unquestionably conducive to health; but when indulged in excessively it brings on a painful eruption, known as salt-water boils, with which fishermen are often troubled; and boys, who, from a love of swimming, are frequently in the water, pay for their pastime in this way. Fifteen minutes at a time is long enough to remain in the water, and once a day will secure for one all the advantages to be derived from “a dip in the sea.”

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CHARLES H. RUSSELL, Esq.



OAKLAWN, the summer residence of Charles H. Russell, Esq., of New York, is located on the corner of Bellevue and Narragansett Avenues and Webster Street.

Mr. Russell, who is a native of Newport, has passed his summers here since the time when he retired from active business; coming early, and staying late. In 1835 he became the proprietor of a large tract of land in that neighborhood. There was then but little thought that Newport would ever become a fashionable resort; but even at that day its refined society, delicious climate, and many other attractions, were known and appreciated by families who habitually spent their summers here.

Mr. Russell, in subdividing his land, and opening streets, reserved a tract of about thirteen acres for his own estate, now known as Oaklawn, and which is one of the finest spots on Bellevue Avenue. It is deservedly admired; not for its view or natural attractions, but for its superb trees gracefully grouped, its admirably arranged lawn, its succession of flowering shrubs and plants, and its well-appointed Italian villa. Here may be seen the finest specimens of the purple beech, English and Turkey oaks of large size, and a grovelling oak of rare beauty, which bids fair in time to claim an acre for its own immediate use.

The piazza faces the west and south. The principal entrance is on the west; and at the side entrance, on the north, there is a *porte-cochère*. The bay-window on the south, opening from the parlor, is used as a conservatory, and is kept stocked with plants in flower from the greenhouses. Here, during the summer, two fine specimens of the night-blooming cereus expand their snowy petals, and fill the air with fragrance. The dining-room is panelled,

walls and ceiling, with red cedar; and the floor is in marquetry. Beyond we enter the billiard-room, and there obtain a view of the lawn on that side, and the gardens. On the north there are extensive forcing-houses, early and late graperies, a long range of glass for peach-culture, and a conservatory. In the garden there is a circular fish-pond fed from a living spring.

Rosevale, also the property of Mr. Russell, adjoins Oaklawn, and has an entrance on Narragansett Avenue.



THE COUNTRY HOUSE, CUSWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

THOMAS F. CUSHING, Esq.



THE cottage of Mr. Cushing, of Boston, has been greatly admired for its artistic proportions and graceful outlines. It is in the style of the old half-timbered houses, with overhanging stories, high gables, balconies, bays, vine-clad piazzas, and porte-cochère, and roofs of varied heights, surmounted by a graceful cresting. On entering the house we step at once into a wide hall, that is in itself a room, with a Chinese paper of great beauty on the walls. The drawing-room and library are on the south, in full command of the ocean view; and the dining-room stretches across the east front, where the spray of the sea comes almost up to the balustrade, and adds its silvery notes to the droning of the bees, attracted by the honeysuckles and beds of carnations.

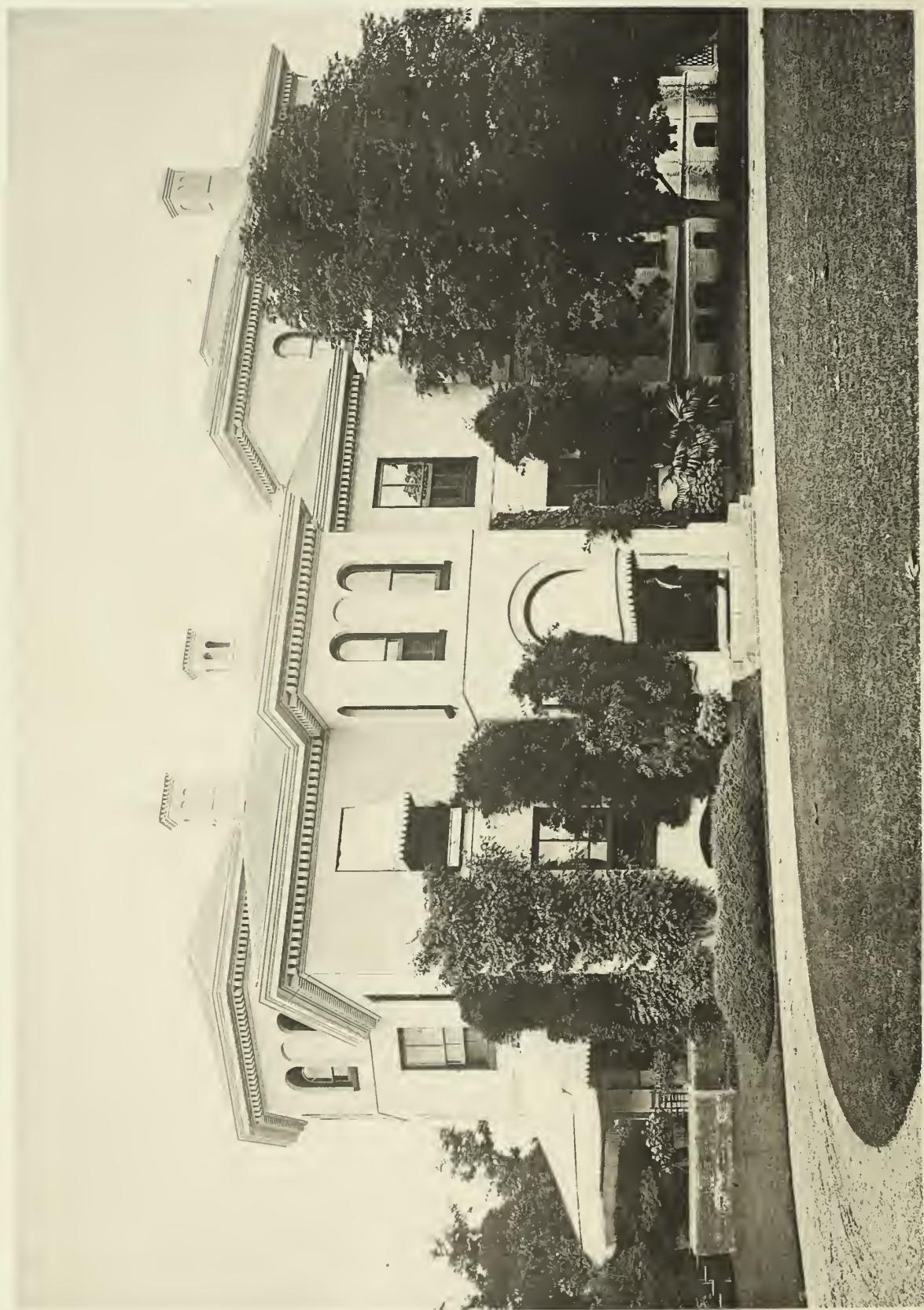
The house is set low, at a point where the ocean view is most attractive; for the surf ever beats on the rocks that line this section of the coast. And here the fishermen daily ply their calling, drawing from the deep the striped bass, blue-fish, and the much-prized tautog; and frequently they resort to these rocks to shoot ducks, which in winter abound on the coast.

“ High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flocks of wild ducks stretch ;
Far as the eye can glanee on either side,
In a broad spacee and level line they glide.”

So wrote Crabbe; but the sportsman in Rhode Island, who is fond of duck-shooting, finds but little difficulty in filling his bag. On one occasion a hardy fisherman and two boys landed at sunset on the large clump of rocks in front of Mr. Cushing's house, intending, after a few hours' sport by moonlight, to return to the shore; but in the mean time the wind freshened, and the sea

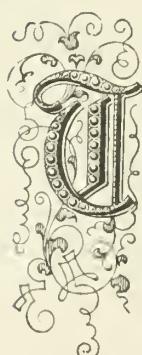
increased to a degree that made it certain their skiff could not reach the landing place in safety, and they were forced to pass the night in that exposed situation. The cold became intense; and the wind, charged with frost, swept over them in fearful gusts. The skiff was drawn up, and made to serve in part as a shelter; and throughout that terrible night the fisherman pounded the boys to keep them awake, knowing full well that if they slept it would be the sleep of death. With the return of day they were seen from the shore, and were taken off more dead than alive, and thoroughly cured of any longing for duck-shooting by moonlight on an island rock in midwinter.





FREDERIC W. STEVENS, ESQ. NEW YORK.

FREDERIC W. STEVENS, Esq.

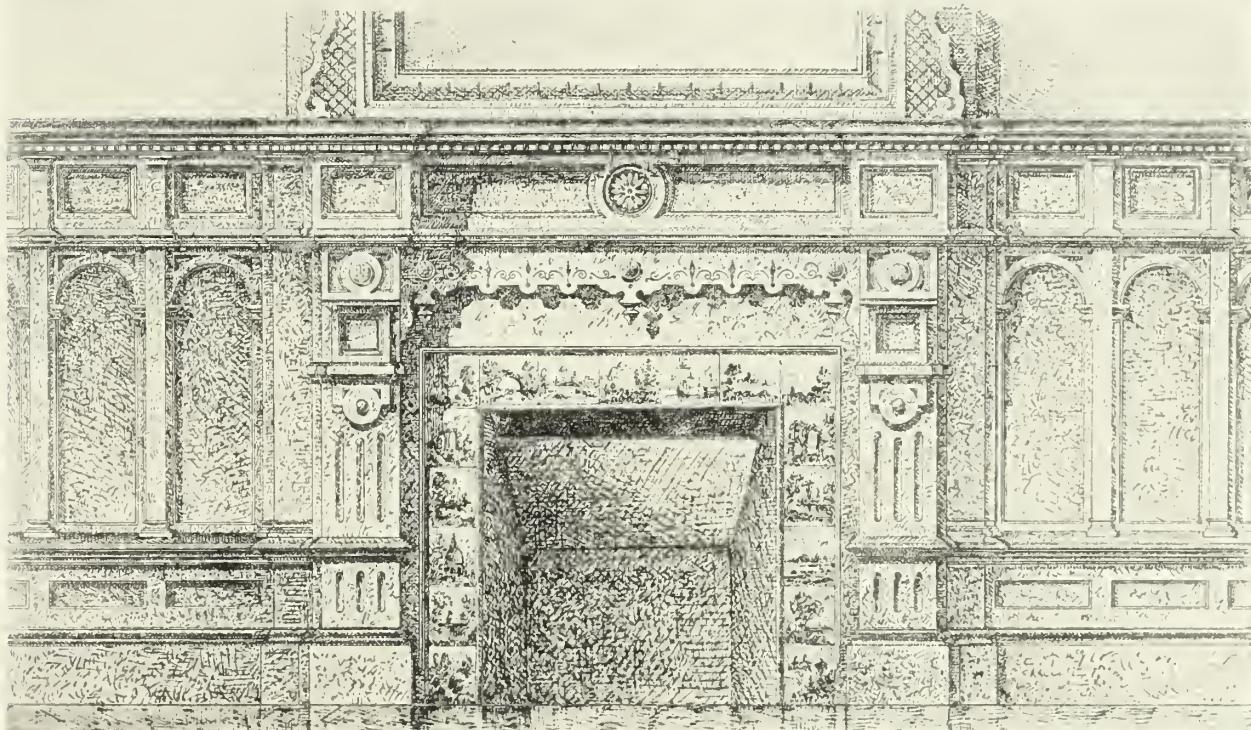


THE CEDARS, on the corner of Bellevue Avenue and Bowery Street, was laid out and built by the late Andrew Robeson, Esq., for his own use; and, from the date of its completion up to the time that he moved from Newport, he made this his permanent place of residence. It then changed hands, and when re-sold was purchased by Mr. Stevens of New York, who has made of it the present fine villa. It is in the Italian style, and is built of brick and brown stone. Very large additions have been made to it during the past year; and it has an air of solidity in all its parts, which is sustained on a closer inspection. The broad terrace in front of the drawing-room windows on the south is of brick and brown stone, and the gardener's lodge and the large stables are of the same materials. In the garden there are extensive graperies, early and late, peach-houses and conservatories, all in fine bearing order.

The billiard-room, dining-rooms, halls, and passages are finished with a heavy wainscot in hard woods; the floors are in Neapolitan tiles and marquetry; and the drawing-room takes the form of the large octagon tower on the left. The well-graded lawn sweeps up to the house on all sides; the beds are filled with a profusion of the choicest flowers; many of the external walls are covered with bignonias and honeysuckles; and the trees scattered over the place have attained to a goodly size since the time when they were planted. They have had room enough to grow and expand till they have become features in themselves, and are the envy of many a one whose lawn is but of yesterday.

Comparatively few understand the art of setting trees with reference to the future. We crowd them into the borders, having only one object in view, — that of making a show of verdure at an early day; never reflecting that in

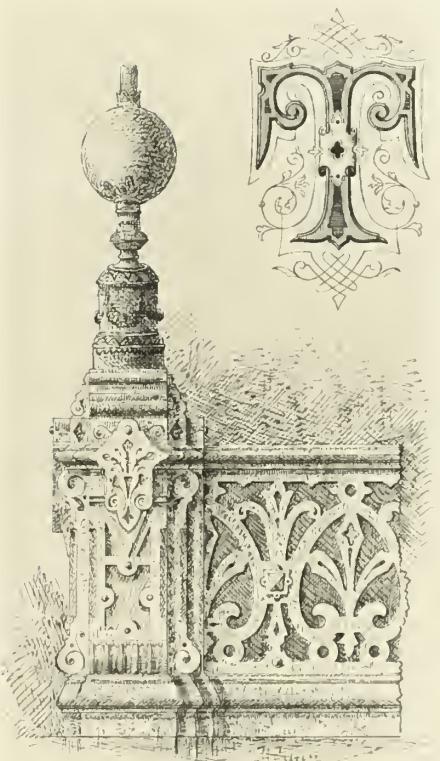
a very short time the trees we are planting will be too crowded to grow properly. Still we hesitate to reduce the number; and when, at length, we are forced to cut out one after another, we find that the trees we have reserved are spindly and unsightly, and, if we do not reject them altogether, we must devote years to their culture to get them into proper shape.





如是等事，皆是佛說，我等當知。

MRS. WILLIAM F. COLES.



HE summer residence of Mrs. Coles, of New York, is on the south-west corner of Bellevue Avenue and Dixon Street, and is in the style of the old half-timbered houses which in past years have been so frequently reproduced. It has all the charm of irregularity in its lines, is well balanced and attractive in its details, and the color is in harmony with the trees and shrubs by which it is surrounded. The trees in that neighborhood are well grown, the shrubs have had time to attain to their full size and proportions, and the flowers, so essential to a country house, sheltered from the high winds of more exposed situations, bloom luxuriantly.

The love of flowers is so wide spread, we wonder not that their culture is general, or that a place is found for them in and around our dwellings; for they delight the eye with their varied forms and delicate hues, fill the air with fragrance, and add a charm to life.

“ Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers! —
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to the faney numerous teachers
From loneliest nooks.”

Some one has happily said, “ In the presence of flowers we feel, that, when the body shall drop as a withered calyx, the soul shall go forth as a winged seed.” And it was Leigh Hunt who said, “ Set flowers on the morning table;

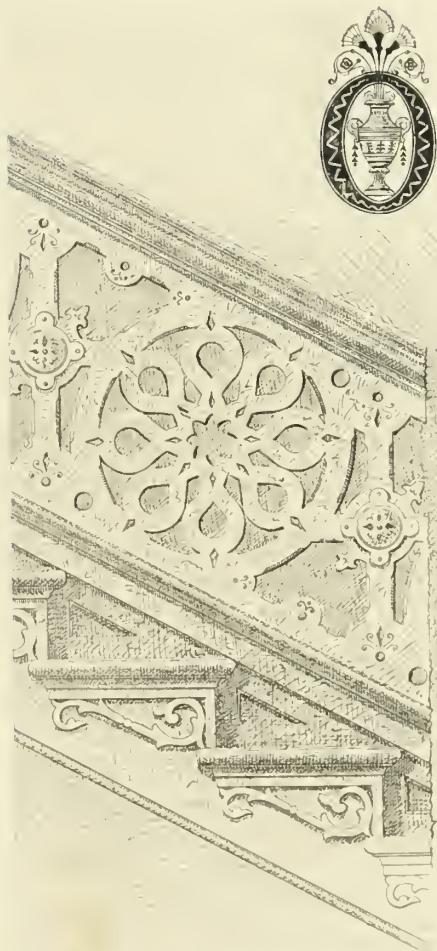
a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower, a rose, a pink, a daisy. They look like the happy waking of creation; they bring the perfume of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the very representative and embodiment of the very smile of your home,— proofs that some intellectual beauties are in ourselves, or those about us."



MEANINGLESS.

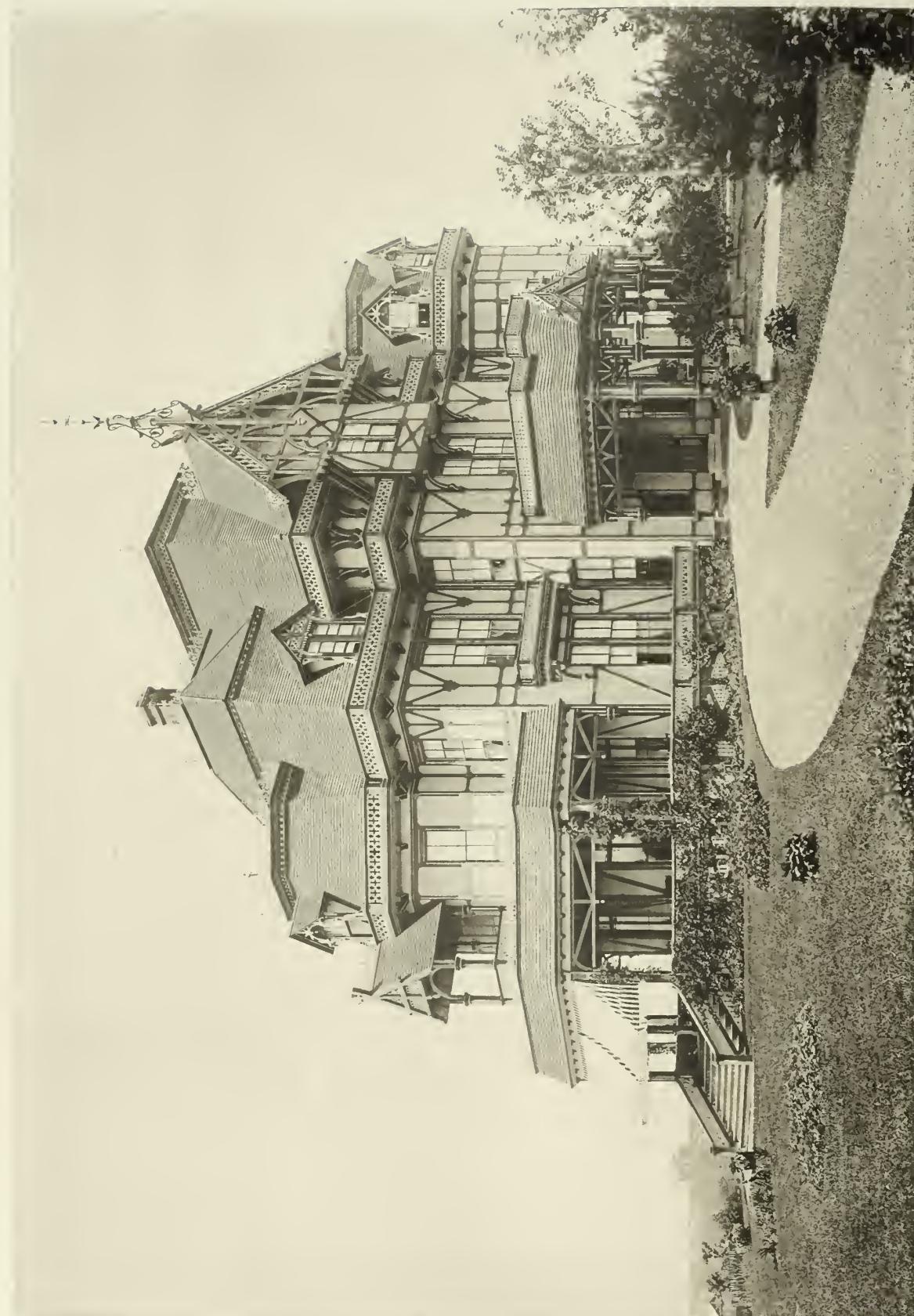
MEANINGLESS.

MRS. COLFORD JONES.



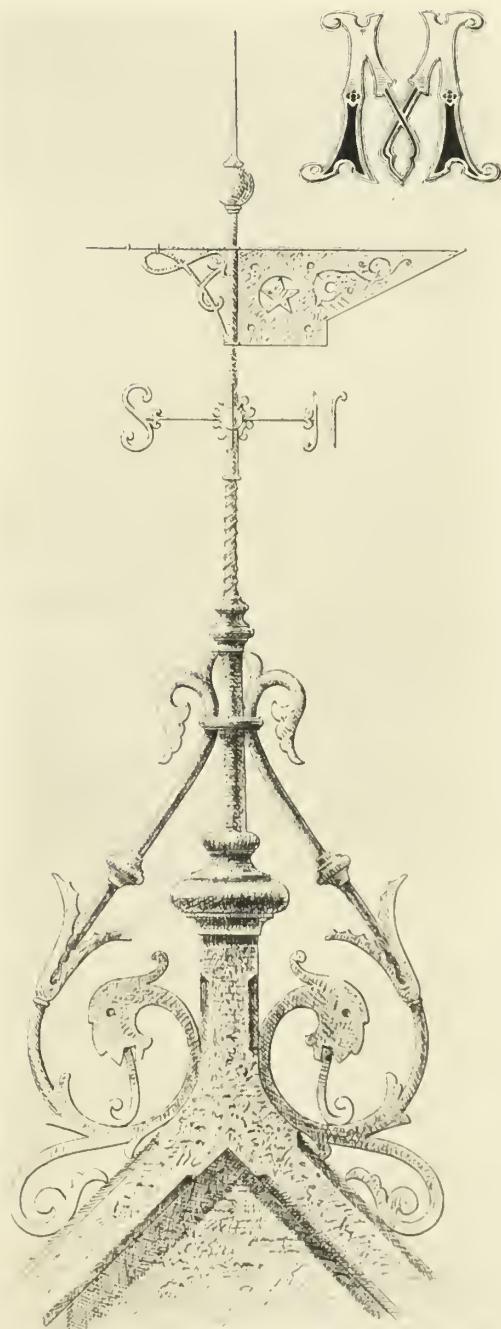
N the west side of Bellevue Avenue, and midway between Narragansett Avenue and Dixon Street, Mrs. Jones, of New York, has her pretty cottage. It stands almost in the centre of a fine lawn, and is surrounded by a growth of well-formed trees and shrubs. The color is in marked contrast to that of the majority of cottages on the avenue, the owner having stepped out of the beaten track to adopt a style which at first seemed to many harsh and altogether too pronounced, but which time has shown to be quite otherwise, and every way characterized by individuality. Were we to show more of the same independence in such matters, more of thought and study, we would be the gainers in the end; for much of that sameness in finish, hue, and form, so characteristic of our day, would be avoided. It is true, this freedom from restraint, when indulged in without the proper amount of thought and study,

has resulted in the adoption of blue blinds, or a pink and green stripe for the roof of a veranda; but these are eccentricities that would have come to the surface any way, and should not restrain us from making an effort to attain to some degree of originality, something that would at once show thought and study and a feeling for the beautiful in art and nature.



THE HOUSE OF THE DAY

MRS. LORING ANDREWS.



RS. ANDREWS'S summer residence is on the west side of Bellevue Avenue, below Marine Avenue, and runs through to Coggeshall Avenue, where the stables are placed. The breadth of land thus enclosed, and the position of the house, gives a fine view to the south and west, taking in the wooded and rocky pastures on the marge of Coggeshall's Pond, and a stretch seaward over the headland of Spouting Rock, and the intervening beach.

The house has been criticised on the one hand, and equally admired on the other: as will always be the case with any wide departure from old rules and forms of construction. Had it been placed farther back from the avenue, it would have given the eye a better opportunity to take in its vast proportions and towering height. But, whatever objection may be offered to its dimensions, one cannot but admire its sky-line on the long side, as it rises gracefully on either hand to the apex, and the play of light and shade that follows the varied form of the structure.

On the east, the front, there is a porte cochère in keeping with the ample proportions of the building; and the broad piazza, seen on the left, extends around the whole

southern and western sides, with wide steps leading down to the lawn, where there are groups of Scotch firs, Austrian pines, and a variety of deciduous trees, shrubs, and flowering plants.

The interior of the building is more than sumptuous; it is palatial,—beautiful in its proportions, elegant in its furnishings, and glowing in color, from the marquetry floor in many woods to the richly decorated ceilings. The finest hard woods, chaste and beautiful wall and floor tiles, massive wainscots, and crystal lustrals—all lend their aid, and add a charm to an arrangement of rooms well adapted to a display of taste and good coloring. The hall, seventeen feet in height, with a deep cove under the ceiling, has an area of twenty-four by twenty-four feet; and the rooms opening from it, reception-room, library, drawing-room, music-room, dining-room, &c., are on the same scale, and are connected by wide doors; and the windows all open out on the veranda.

BELLEVUE AVENUE.



BELLEVUE AVENUE is the principal avenue in Newport, running nearly north and south, from Truro Street to almost the extreme southern end of the island, where it turns west, and joins Ocean Avenue, oftener spoken of as "the Shore Road." From the Ocean House, going north, one sees a succession of beautiful villas and cottages on either hand, embowered in trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, and in full sight of the ocean,—the lawns smoothly rolled

and carefully cut, and the borders so arranged as to convey the idea of deep vistas with skilful combinations of color; here delighting in a sharp contrast, and there blending together in a gradation of hues, beautiful to behold. Standing out in strong relief, we see the ash and the lime, the broad-leaved magnolia, and serrated foliage of the deciduous cypress, the variegated horse-chestnut, and the strong-leaved oak. These, with the tulip-tree, the Norway and sugar maples, and the well-known varieties of evergreens, make a charming background for rarer specimens more prominently placed on the open lawn,—the weeping ash, the Salisburia, the purple beech, the cut-leaved birch, and other well-known trees of rare beauty, so grouped as to produce an infinite variety of hues and shades of green.

With the opening of spring, and before the leaves are formed, the eye is gladdened with the "snowy garniture" of the white dogwood, and the pink flowers of the Judas-tree. Then, as the season advances, we have the bright spikes of the scarlet horse-chestnut, the white blossoms of the double flowering cherry, the clusters of the mountain-ash, the hawthorn, and the yellow blossoms of the sassafras, not forgetting the red dogwood and the yellow birch. The scarlet flowers of the Japan quince appear as soon as the frost is over, and the yellow blossoms of the forsythia are equally early; and after these come the trumpet-like pink and white clusters of the weigela rosa, the yellow

and orange of the bladder senna, the white and pink spiraea, double holly-hocks, dahlias, foxgloves, and hundreds of other shrubs and plants, brought together with wonderful effect; whilst from cedar trunks, planted firmly in the ground, the wistaria adds its azuré tribute to the common stock; the honeysuckle around the porch and verandas yields alike its blossoms and its perfume; and from beds dotted over the lawns come the fragrance of mignonette, heliotrope, roses, and carnations.

Only those who have seen these lawns can appreciate their beauty, which is not confined to grounds attached to villas owned by millionaires; but the same taste and culture may be found around the homes of many whose means are limited. Spots embracing but the half-acre are laid out with the same regard for the beautiful, and are kept up in a way that adds a charm to life, and increases the attractions of the place.

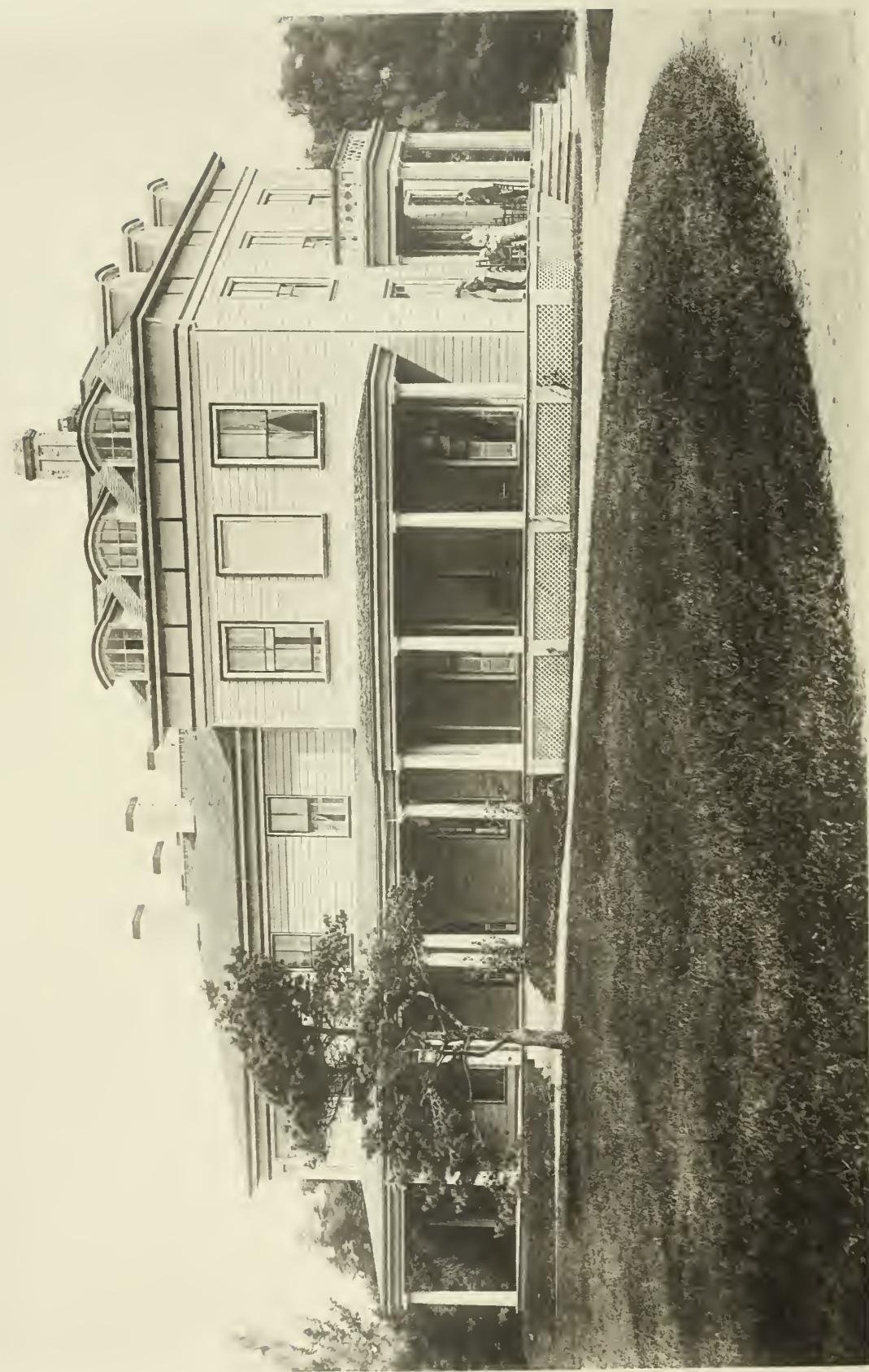
But the transient visitor, who drives up and down the beautiful avenues and streets in the fashionable parts of Newport, can know nothing of the superb conservatories and graperies that are hid away behind almost every mansion that attracts his attention; and he would be surprised beyond measure could he gain access to these ornamental structures, now deemed so essential a feature of every country-seat. They are of various shapes, and their extent and variety are only limited by the owners' resources. The simple lean-to is chiefly used for forcing, whilst the double pitch and curvilinear, particularly the latter, find most favor where the ornamental is studied so carefully in all that relates to rural affairs.

The peach and other fruit houses are also worthy of attention. They are simple in construction, and, apart from the heating, are not expensive. In them are grown peaches, nectarines, apricots, cherries, and figs,—particularly the little green Marseilles,—and sometimes pine-apples; the latter requiring special treatment. Often small trees are planted in pots; and when the limbs, supported by props to keep them from breaking down, are covered with ripe fruit, the pot is brought in with the dessert, that the guests may pluck the fruit for themselves from the diminutive tree in the centre of the table. Grapes are grown in the same way; and in the early spring, long before the season for them in the market, strawberries are raised in great perfection, and in ample quantities for the owner's table.

The strawberry is "the jewel in the lap of Spring." Lamb says, "It is pleasanter to eat one's peas"—how intuitively we associate lamb with green peas!—"out of one's garden than to buy them by the peck at Covent Garden." This is eminently true of strawberries, for there is no garden product that deteriorates sooner, or requires when fit for use to be handled with more care.

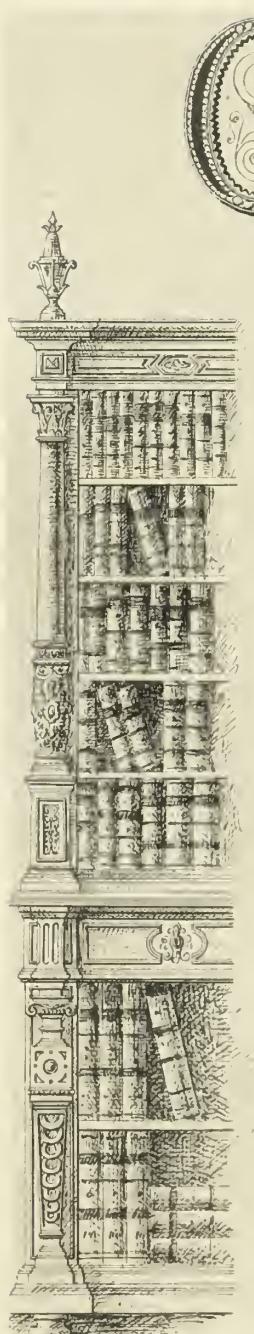
When eating strawberries, we think of the Englishman who came to America to enjoy one long, uninterrupted feast of strawberries. He landed in New Orleans in February, and at once commenced his feast. Travelling slowly northward as the fruit ripened, he made his way by easy stages through all the seaboard States, nor gave over till he had reached the limits of civilization in Upper Canada. It was one prolonged feast, and by the time it was over he had become the compound extract of strawberry. The very breath that he exhaled must have been charged with the aroma of the berry that was to him all that was claimed for it by Dr. Boteler; whose apothegm,—“Doubtless God might have made a better berry: doubtless God never did,”—quoted by good old Isaac Walton, has been cited *ad infinitum*.

The ambition to raise large strawberries, so general a few years ago, is now less common. At that time one strawberry culturist in New Jersey expressed the opinion that in the course of twenty years he could produce a berry as large as a pineapple, and of equal delicacy with the berries now raised. Think of sitting down to a berry of that size; and the delightful sensation it would afford one to plunge a knife into its tender, juicy heart, and serve it up, a slice at a time, filling the air with fragrance, and melting on the lips as they close on the tender morsel. But soft—what of the pits! In a berry of that size they would be as large as peas, and as hard as buckshot, wounding the gums, breaking the teeth, and sorely perplexing the epicure. No, give us berries of a natural size; only let them be rich in color, fully ripe, and fresh from the vine.



গুরুত্বপূর্ণ প্রতিক্রিয়া করা হচ্ছে।

HON. WM. BEACH LAWRENCE.



CHRE POINT, the residence of Gov. Lawrence, is the largest and most valuable landed estate in one tract in Newport; and in one respect — its ocean view — it is unsurpassed. It came into his possession in 1835, by purchase, and embraces nearly sixty acres, with a frontage on two sides directly on the sea, taking in what is known as Ochre Point (the name of the estate), and two lesser reefs familiar to the fishermen, and designated as Taylor's Long and Short Points. The whole tract is one broad bit of table-land, tending slightly to the cliff, where it falls abruptly to the shore below. The view is unrivalled, for it takes in the whole sweep of ocean, from Gay Head round to Coggeshall's Ledge, and on the north far up to the Town Beach. The waters of the bay are dotted, the season through, with the sails of fishermen; and on the horizon at all times may be seen a line of sailing vessels and steamers, passing up and down the coast.

In the immediate vicinity of the house, the grounds are treated as a lawn, whilst the broad acres to the south and east are left open to give an uninterrupted view of the ocean. On the north and west the place is thickly planted with trees, which, in spite of the strong sea-breeze that sweeps over the coast during the larger part of the year, have attained to a goodly size, and now afford a grateful shade. The original part of the house was built in 1835. Those were the early days of Newport as a watering-place, — when

the neighboring lands were only valued for what they would yield under culture. It was enlarged and otherwise improved in 1861. Here in this quiet retreat, one of the most delightful for study, in full sight of the sea, in a library devoted to his *specialite*, and embracing eight thousand volumes in different languages, Gov. Lawrence has for years carried on researches which have made his name identical with international law. This library is the largest collection of works on international law in the country.



سازمان اسناد و کتابخانه ملی
جمهوری اسلامی ایران
سازمان اسناد و کتابخانه ملی
جمهوری اسلامی ایران

THOMAS WINANS, Esq.



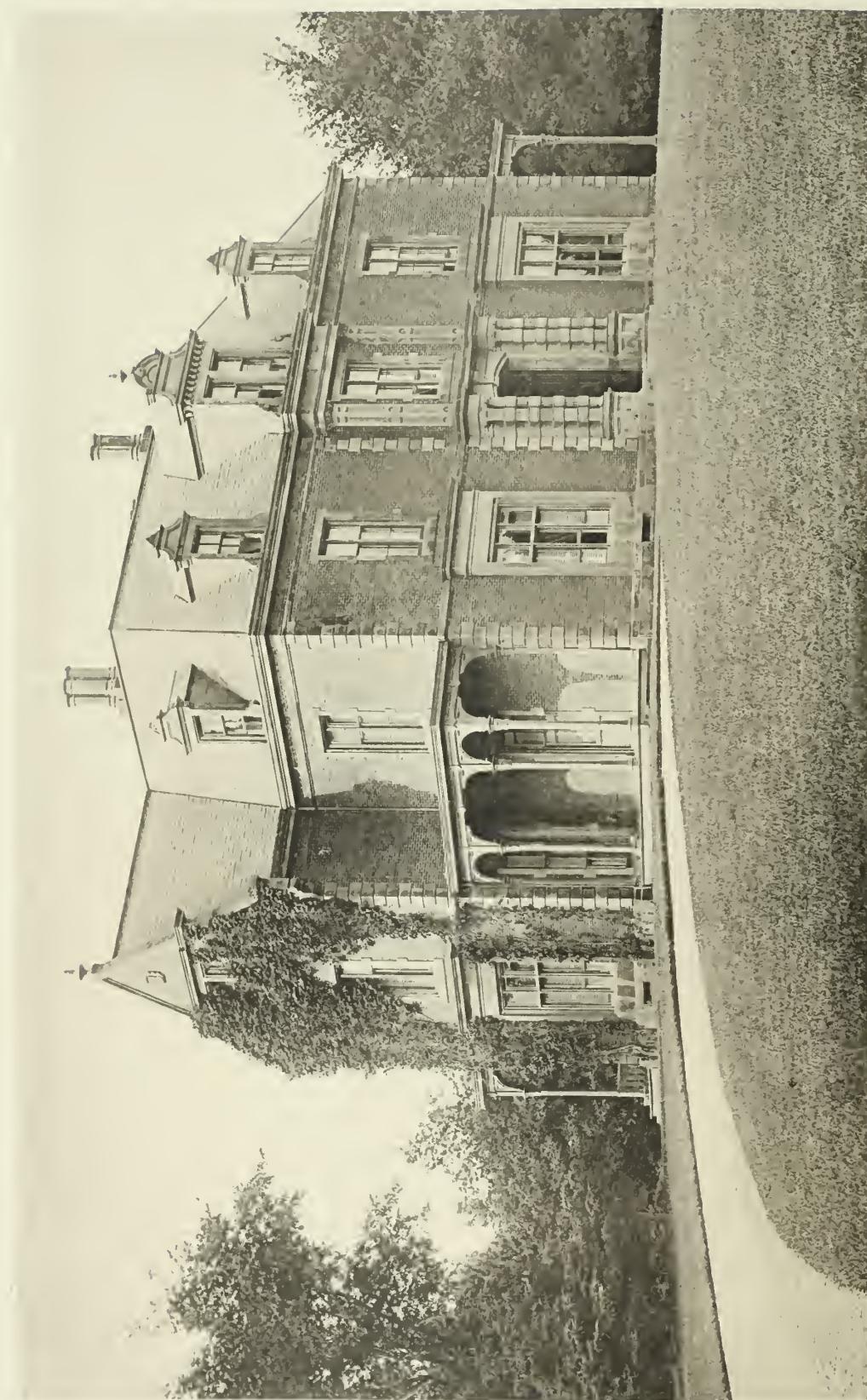
HE summer residence of Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, is on the extreme western shore, on Ocean Avenue, between the long surf-beaten rocks of Brenton's Reef and Bateman's Beach, at the mouth of the bay, in full view of the ocean, Point Judith, and Block Island. For many years Mr. Winans has spent his summer on this part of the coast; and, knowing well its

attractions, he selected for the site of his house a bold headland, as near to the shore as he could get,—so near that it seems as if the surf, as it dashes against the base of the cliff, must cast its seething waters on his broad veranda. It is a veritable “cottage by the sea” (if a structure of such commanding proportions can, indeed, be called a cottage); and, for one so fully imbued with a love of the ocean, no finer spot could have been found.

This hospitable mansion, with its broad hall running quite through the house, its spacious staircase for which the large octagon tower in the centre is set apart, its suites of rooms each with an uninterrupted view of the ocean, the greensward going quite down to the edge of the cliff, the little fishing-box at the extreme verge of the rocks, the well-stocked boat-houses and stables,—these all combine to make it a charming retreat for the summer, the embodiment of all that is delightful in indoor and outdoor life.

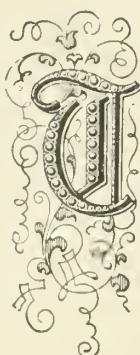
The waters on this part of the coast teem with fish that readily take the hook; and the sportsman, whether fishing from the rocks, or anchored off in a boat, has rarely to complain of a want of luck. The tautog, the bass, and blue-fish are all worthy of his metal; and he who knowing their habits, casts

for them a hook, will seldom go unrewarded. The tautog hug the bottom, and are tempted with crabs and lobsters. The bass and blue-fish swim near the surface: they strike boldly at a morsel of manhaden, and die game. The bass often attain to a great size, forty and fifty pounds being a very common weight, and they will sometimes run to sixty and even seventy pounds. No amateur, fishing from these rocks with rod and reel, has killed more bass of a goodly size than Mr. Winans.



THE GARDENS. C. J. BREWERSON, 1890. PUBLISHED BY J. D. LEWIS.

CHARLES J. PETERSON, Esq.



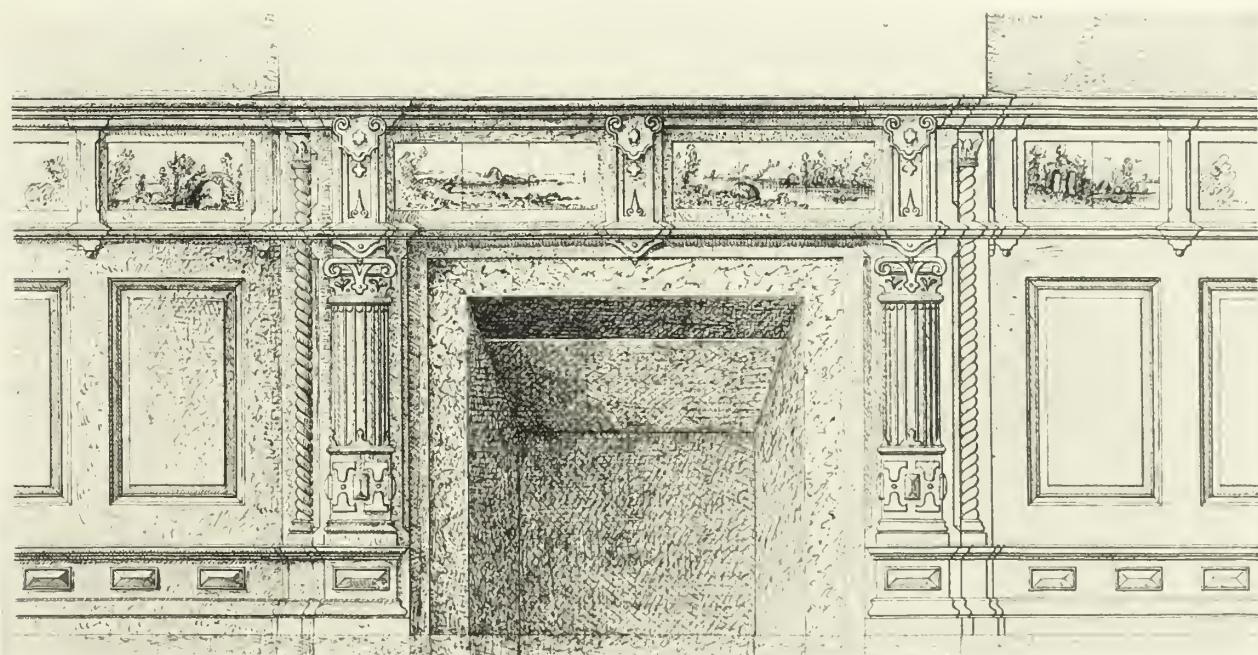
THE fine estate on the south side of Beach Road and Cliff Avenue, just at the point where the road begins to dip in its gradual descent to the Bathing Beach, is the summer residence of Mr. Peterson of Philadelphia. It has many attractions, and in some respects it is unrivalled. The spot is in itself one of great beauty, enjoying as it does a superb view over the gently falling ground on the north and east, Easton's Pond, the Bathing Beach, and a wide stretch of ocean; and its natural attractions have been heightened and developed during the years it has been under culture.

Originally the site of a farm-house, the residence of one who knew the value of shade-trees, and who could give time and attention to their culture, ere long its fine growth of elms and oaks became an object of interest. Subsequently, when the old farm-house gave way to the present stately mansion, the ash, sycamore, linden, larch, and maple were added to the trees on the place; and having been judiciously set, with plenty of room to grow and expand, they now, whilst they adorn the place, throw a grateful shade over the road, and are of inestimable value alike to the owner and the passer-by. Nor has attention been confined "to trees of a larger growth;" for in the borders may be found the holly, laburnum, and the alder, with hardy shrubs and flowering plants from many climes.

The house cannot be seen from the road, nor, indeed, till one is almost upon it, as he approaches through the avenue from the highway, under over-arching trees. It is built of brown stone and brick, after a French design, and reminds one forcibly of some of the best specimens of French domestic architecture. The string-courses, corbels, quoins, and other prominent features, all show careful treatment; and the gables are unexceptionable. At a glance one sees that it was built alike with reference to durability, finish, and

architectural proportions. The same attention has been bestowed on the interior: the broad hall, with its polished oak and marquetry, its fine staircase, spacious rooms, chastely designed mantles, and other features, add to its attractions, and make it worthy of observation.

At the entrance gate, and facing Rhode Island Avenue, there is a lodge built wholly of brown stone, happily conceived, and in perfect keeping with the place. On the right, and some distance within the grounds, one sees the long line of graperies and the conservatory.





PINEWOOD INN, 211 P. MASON, 1850, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

EARL P. MASON, Esq.



HE summer residence of Mr. Mason, of Providence, is on Bellevue Avenue, west of and within one of the corners where it turns towards the beach. It was one of the earliest structures raised in that neighborhood. Since those days Mr. Mason has seen that section gradually fill up, until now it looks almost like a little settlement,—cottages owned and occupied by those, who, following in the steps of the pioneers, are but too happy to spend their summers at a point within easy access of the town, and yet within sight and sound of the ocean.

Mr. Mason's house stands well back from the road, on gently rising ground; and from the upper windows there is a fine view of the water on the east, south, and west. It is really embowered in trees and shrubbery,—placed, as it were, in a bed of flowers and vines; whilst the dividing line between that and the adjoining estate on the south is marked by a luxuriant hedge, one of the finest with which we are familiar.

On these fine estates, we see almost every variety of ornamental trees; but I have often wondered that no more attention is paid to the birch. Is it because it is so very common, so very abundant in the waste places of our New England hills? If so, it should be otherwise; for it is one of the most beautiful of our deciduous trees, and, when judiciously planted, it adds a charm to every lawn. The black, or sweet, or mahogany (for it has all these names), is one of the earliest to send forth its catkins. How well the country lads and lasses know the juicy qualities of its inner bark! And how exquisitely graceful are its tender branches!—so supple, so yielding to every

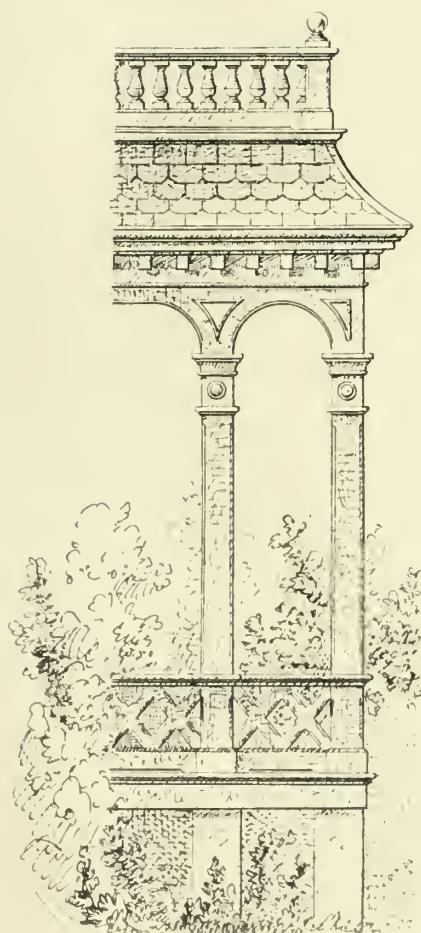
breeze, that it almost might be classed with the weepers; rivalling the paper birch, which stands out in such bold relief against the dark background of oaks and alders. And who has not admired the rich coloring of the long, loose, and ragged bark of the yellow birch? These all have their attractions when brought into notice, and would be more valued if seen under culture.



553. 1875. NOVEMBER, 1875.

JOHN FOSTER, Esq.

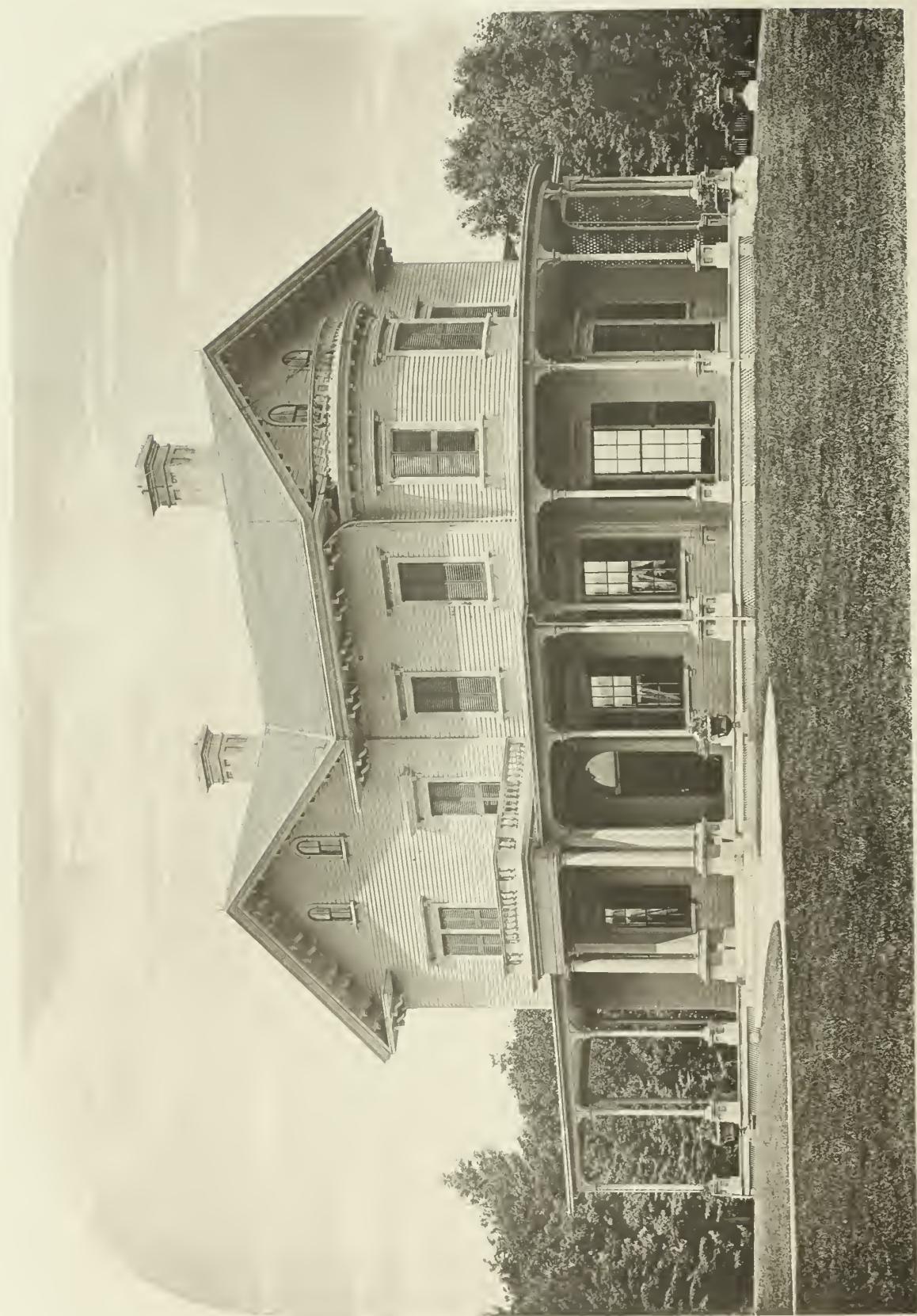
M



R. FOSTER'S summer residence is on Le Roy Avenue, a short distance from Bellevue Avenue; and, whilst his grounds are of ample proportions, there are so many bits of open ground and lawns around his house as to materially add to its attractions, in that it is not crowded and shut in from the air and the neighboring view. It is quite near enough to Bellevue Avenue to see all that is passing; and on the east one catches glimpses of the bay over the bluff at Ochre Point and Taylor's Beach,—so called in earlier times, but what name it bears to-day it would be difficult to say. The grounds are kept almost intact, as a broad sweep of greensward, perfectly graded, and often rolled and clipped, with here and there rising from it a mound of rustic work adorned with flowers and creeping plants.

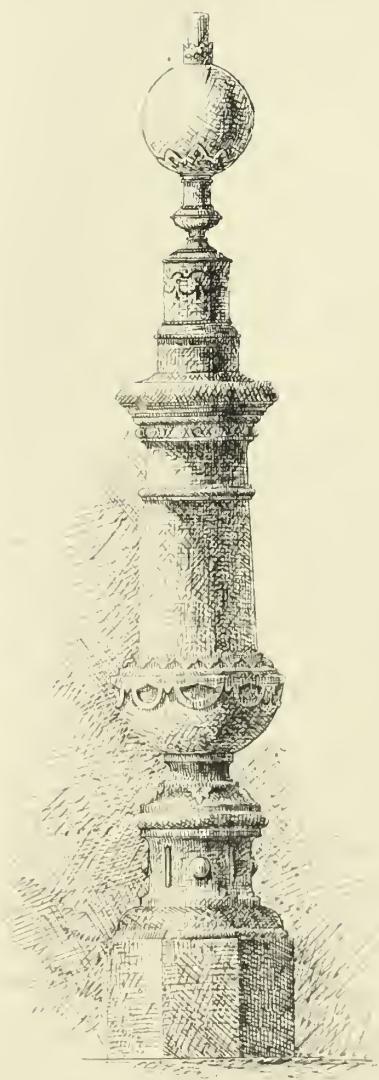
Go where we may, we find nowhere a greensward equal to that on the southern portion of this island; and we wonder not that so much attention is paid to this feature of a Newport lawn. It is a thick, velvety pile, close-bodied and fine, and of an exquisite color. It is always fresh, always dewy in the morning, always luxuriant in its growth; and it holds its own even down to the rocky edge of the cliff, everywhere short of where the salt sea-spray falls when the sea runs high.

The house, with its veranda on the north, its high mansard surmounted by a clear-cut cresting, is a well-proportioned, substantial structure. Its outlines are broken by a number of bay-windows, which, whilst they take from what would otherwise be monotonous in its general arrangement, add materially to the comfort and convenience of the interior, particularly of the second floor, where they greatly enhance the value of the sleeping apartments.



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HON. ROBERT H. IVES.



CEANLAWN, the summer residence of Mr. Ives of Providence, is on the north side of Narragansett Avenue, at its extreme eastern end, and thence running north; embraces a large tract directly upon the sea. The charm of the spot is the broad sweep of greensward stretching down to the edge of the cliff, affording an unsurpassed view of the sea rolling in on the right, the distant lines of the main and projecting headlands in front, and Easton's Beach, with its soft and undulating background of Honeyman's Hill, on the left,—a scene never to be forgotten, and one that never tires. Here, on the broad piazzas, one may pass the hours from early morn till dewy eve, with infinite delight; and, when the moon rises from the sea, the view is no less lovely.

“ The air is drugged with the rich streams from flowers
Bathed in soft dew: the evening hours
Steal in so gently, that their golden haze
Is merged in softening silver rays.”

One wonders not that the owner of a spot like this comes to it with the first opening of spring, and leaves it only when the falling leaves and slanting rays of the sun admonish him that the season is over, and the winter is at hand.

The house, somewhat in the style of an Italian villa, set low to the ground, is so placed as to bring its broad piazzas and principal rooms where they command an uninterrupted view of the sea ; whilst in the rear, and running well back to the north, there is a strong growth of shade and ornamental trees, shutting out from view the stable, farmer's cottage, &c.

The pretty cottage north of Oceanlawn, with no dividing line between the two estates, is owned and occupied by Prof. William Gammell.

THE SHORE DRIVE.



CEAN AVENUE, also known as the Shore Road, commences on the west of Coggeshall's Avenue, crosses the little bathing beach at the foot of Bellevue Avenue, thence over the hills of Rocky Farm, near the Spouting Rock, bringing into view the bold outlines of Gen.

Potter's villa and Mr. Field's picturesque cottage, and across another beach, like unto the first and yet in no way resembling it, if this can be understood. Here one pauses a moment to catch the fragrance of lilies, dotted all over the sparkling waters of Lily Pond on the right, and to admire the view on the left, which takes in Gooseberry Island, crescent formed, and tufted with stunted sumacs, resting on the calm bosom of the summer sea: its shores of warm-tinted rocks draped with weeds left bare by the receding tide, or floating on the waves that lazily roll in and die on the sands. From this point, the road runs winding down through Cherry Neck, giving glimpses of the sea between hillocks surmounted by stunted spruce-trees, and piles of rocks stained by storms and adorned with a growth of coarse grass: the ivy everywhere creeping out of the crevices, or twining its tendrils around the rough forms that alone afford it support.

The road now gradually rises by a true and easy grade, still winding along the shore, and frequently almost doubling on itself in the most graceful manner; then over Price's Neck Creek by a stone causeway, following the deep indentations of the sea, crossing Price's Neck abreast of Seal Rock Ledge, and coming out on the broad beach of the Bateman farm, where one takes in the whole sweep of the bay,—the bold headland of rough rocks on the left, Graves Point (so named from the graves of unknown shipwrecked mariners), on the right, whilst in front the sea makes music on the gravelly beach. The broken waters define the long line of Brenton's Reef; in the distance are seen the light-ship and numerous coasters; and the low land of Point Judith is

faintly outlined on the horizon. Passing all these, and the little beach by Castle Hill, with Mr. Wyman's and Mr. Bronson's summer residences on our left, we turn up the old road by Fort Adams, and back to town.

In summer the waves roll in on this shore with scarce force enough to fringe the shingle, or more than stir the pebbles; but occasionally there is a heavy surf, even at this season of the year; and in midwinter, as the wrecks frequently seen on the rocks will attest, the sea is often like a seething caldron.

Many are the hair-breadth 'scapes on these shores; and now and then one hears of stirring scenes, the experience of some old fisherman who has known all the hardships as well as all the pleasures associated with his calling. One of these "ancient fishermen," who fished six and forty years ago regularly on and around "Sheep Point," told me the following tale in his declining days, years after it had occurred, but even then he could hardly speak of it calmly: He and his partner, as was their wont, had launched their boat and pushed out into open water with the dawn of day. But, instead of fishing, their attention was drawn to a mass of floating lumber, washed from some vessel's deck, which they collected piece by piece, and towed ashore. The sea was smooth, there was no air stirring; and many trips were made to and from their landing-place. All promised well; but, as the sun came up, one of the men looked seaward, and saw a bank on the horizon. "What's that, partner?" said he. "It's fog. No, it's the sea rolling in; there's not time to land; pull! Pull out into open water for your life!" It was even so. The men knew their danger, and bent to their oars, whilst the waves came madly rushing on—nine heavy rollers, each in turn covering all the off rocks, and burying Sheep Point under tons of water. Away were swept boats and boat-houses from the shore; and on rushed the waves, filling the air with blinding spray, and churning into suds against the ragged rocks.

"Where shall we land, partner?"—"Let us run round into the East River." "We could not weather Seacommet Point."—"Then let us strike out, and get into the west passage."—"The boat would swamp before you reached half-way."—"Is there no hope?"—"None: I've made up my mind to die; you may as well do the same." There was an awful pause. The two men looked death in the face, and momentarily expected to meet it, but still labored to keep the boat's head to the sea. "Look," says one, "the sea falls off a little: let us run in and try to land."—"We can but make the attempt; pull." The boat was brought round, and her prow turned shoreward, hoping to find a comparatively smooth spot behind the point; but the sea, breaking on the outer ledge, made it certain death to attempt the passage. Baffled, again

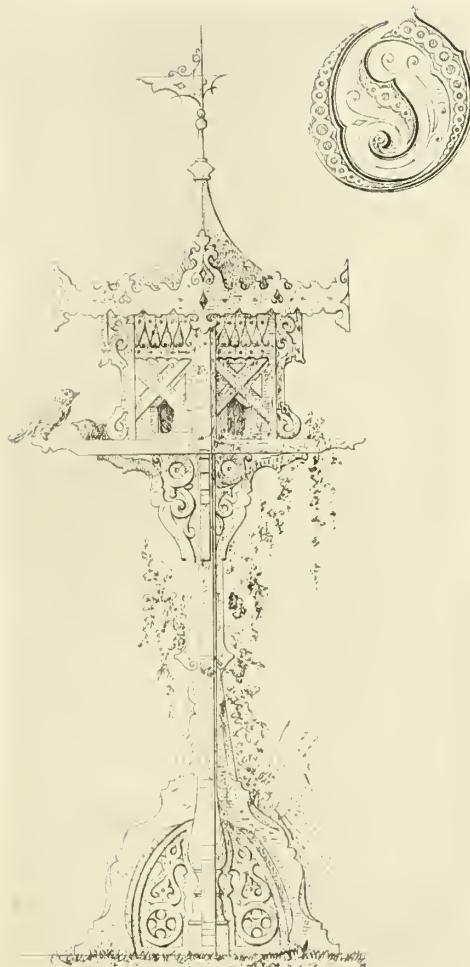
they sought the open water, where they had all they could do to hold their own. At last one said, "The boat can't stand this; if we must die, let it be near the shore, where our bodies may possibly be thrown up." — "All right," was the short reply as they struck out for the landing-place. On the crest of a breaker they rolled in; but in a moment their frail bark was dashed to atoms, and they were whirled over and over in the seething waters. One of them grasped a projecting rock, clung to it, got a breath of air, and, as he was climbing to a place of safety, saw that his partner was equally fortunate. "Well, I'm here," said one. "And so am I," said the other; "but where is the boat?" "There are the fragments, floating yonder." The boat was gone, — splintered into kindling wood; but the boatmen had been saved as by a miracle.

The sea plays many pranks, even in its gentler mood, and often has a laugh at the expense of the inexperienced. Two lovers, who knew little of tides, other than some mythical tale of the ebb and flow of the sea under Cynthia's gentle sway, had wandered far out on one of the low headlands, to enjoy the breeze, and watch the day's decline. They cared not for the gay crowd driving almost within sound of their voices: they knew and thought little of the outer world, for they were a world to themselves. They had learned to know and to love each other; and nought else on earth had, for them, the semblance of attraction. It was delightful to be together, to look down into the depth of the sea and into each other's eyes, and to cast stones into the circling waters; nor stirred they from their rocky retreat till the setting sun warned them that it was time to turn homeward. Then, and not till then, did they learn the appalling fact that the rising sea had cut off their retreat. Where the rocks were bare and dry when they walked out on the ledge, there was now three feet of water; and still the tide was rising. "Is there no escape, no one within sound of our voices, to come to our rescue?" — "Try again, oh, do find some one to take us off!" A lusty shout followed, but there was no response save from the laughing waters. "What can we do? Oh, how shall we get to land?" — "Trust to me: I can take you ashore if you will permit me to lift you in my arms." A mantling blush was the only reply. He argued, and she demurred; but, yielding to the pressure of the moment and the exacting demands of the sea, she at last allowed his strong arms to bear her in safety to the shore, — she proud of his manly form, and he proud of his burden; but no one was there to witness their mutual happiness. Years after their marriage the tale I have told leaked out.



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ALEX. VAN RENSSELAER, Esq.



N Bayview Avenue, just beyond the line between Newport and Middleton, and at a point that affords an uninterrupted view over a wide extent of sea and land, stands "Villalou," the summer residence of Mr. Van Rensselaer of New York. On the left we look down into the little Green End Valley, divided by a thread-like stream that finds its way

"Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees, discovering where it runs
By the fresh verdure."

Beyond, and rising boldly, is the strong outline of Honeyman's Hill, where the French and Americans intrenched themselves in the Revolution, and frequently exchanged shots with the English, then encamped where now stand Villalou and other beautiful country-seats. To the south we have Newport, the ocean, and Easton's Pond and Beach; and on the right there is a superb view of the harbor, bay, and numerous islands, with the mainland for a background, stretching out to Point Judith, which is almost lost in a faint and misty line.

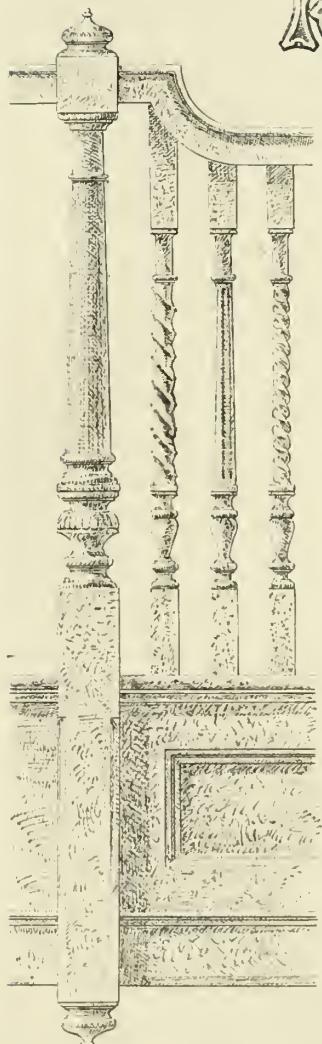
The surroundings of Villalou are very beautiful. Time enough has elapsed since the planting of trees and shrubs to insure a luxuriant growth, and now they make ample returns for the attention they have received. The house is

embowered in luxuriant foliage, and is very attractive in form and color. Its projecting eaves throw a broad shadow over the picturesque strap-work of the upper story; and its wide and most inviting piazza in front of the velvet-like lawn, and its whole air of peace and repose, invite one to rest and survey the scene spread out to view.



THE BOSTONIAN HOTEL, BOSTON, MASS.

F. S. G. D'HAUTEVILLE, Esq.



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R. D'HAUTEVILLE'S summer residence is on the west side of Bellevue Avenue, and is one that will always attract attention, for its form is varied, its color is pleasing, and the location is good. On the north there is a porte-cochere, with a room built out over it on the front, making one angle of the cottage. There is a tower of graceful proportions, and the long chimney shafts are judiciously managed. The principal rooms, all opening from a wide hall, have an eastern and southern exposure, giving a commanding view of the avenue on the east, and the long stretch of water on the south and west, particularly from the upper windows.

Time enough has not elapsed to perfect the lawn, which has been properly cared for, and which in a few years will be rich in flowering and other ornamental plants; but the air is made fragrant by a wreath of flowers in rustic baskets and around the veranda; and the soft murmur that comes up from the shore, like the distant sound of falling water, alone disturbs the silence of the air.

On the west, and beyond the glassy surface of Coggeshall's Pond, rise the irregular and partially wooded hillsides of Rocky Farm, terminating in a headland whereon stand beautiful cottages, with the Spouting Rock at their base. And, as the eye turns northward and still towards the setting sun, it takes in the long line of equally attractive cottages perched high upon the ridge that marks the southern bounds of Newport Harbor.



GRAVEL COURT. GEORGE TIFFANY, ESQ. NEWPORT, R.I.

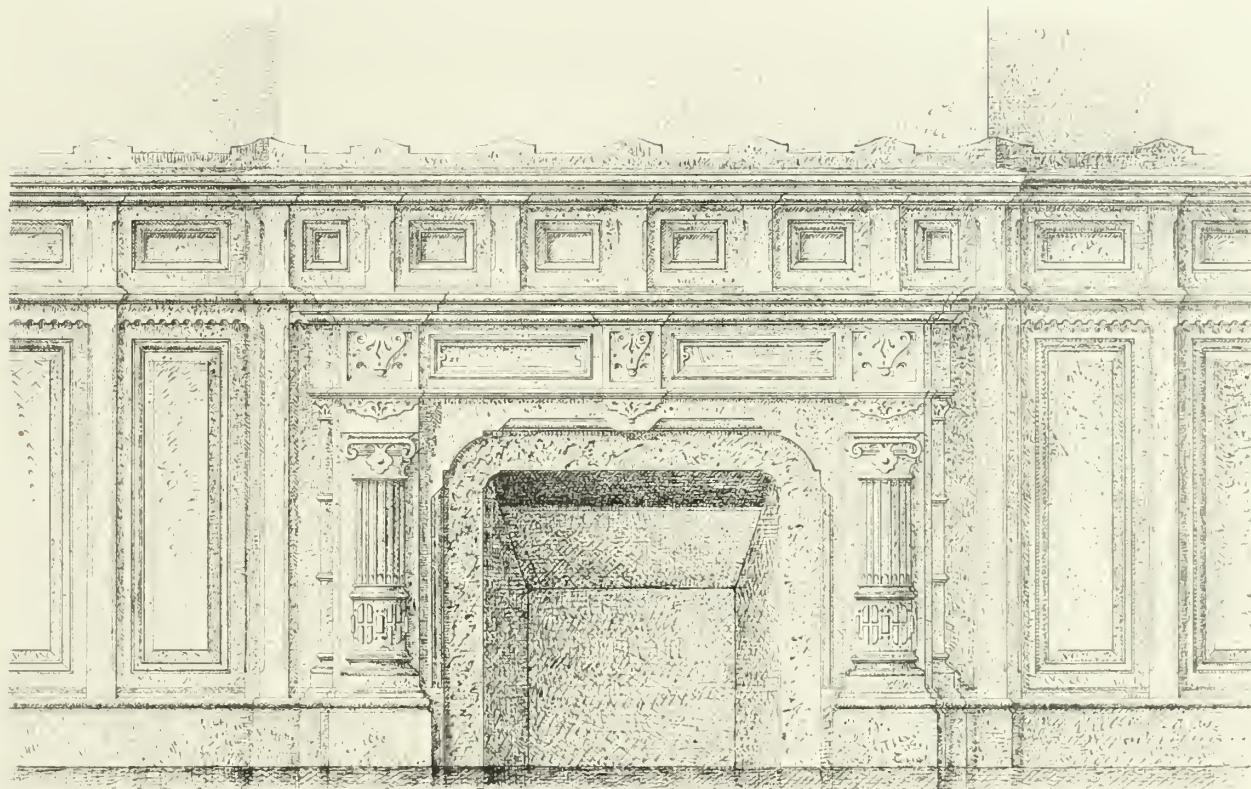
GEORGE TIFFANY, Esq.



N the corner of Narragansett Avenue and Clay Street, with the entrance on Clay Street, stands the residence of George Tiffany, Esq., formerly of Baltimore, but now of Newport. The plan of this fine house is essentially French. From the street we enter a wide court, perfectly graded, with a flag walk on one side, leading to the broad granite steps; and the massive buttresses are surmounted by life-size marble statuary. The lawn on the south, bordered by well-grown trees and luxuriant shrubs, rises in a graceful sweep to the terrace in front of the principal rooms. Around the ample porch the woodbine has been allowed to climb; and within one cannot but admire the wide hall, adorned with works of art, choice bronzes, and well-preserved antique tapestries. The salon has a southern exposure, and is richly adorned; one of the attractions being an ornamental ceiling, painted in oil in Italy, and glowing in color. Here are fine old carvings of rare workmanship, statuettes and busts, and a perfect balance in all the features of the room. The dining-room, on the right, is finished in oak, heavily panelled; and the buffet and side-tables are superbly carved. On the left is the parlor, light and airy, with the library adjoining; the walls of the latter, like the dining-room, are finished with a wainscot, and are hung with works of art, rare old porcelains, faïences, and bronzes, relieved by a background that brings out their finer qualities; whilst Michael Angelo's "Fates" look down upon us from above the library mantle.—Atropos with the scissors opened and raised, and Lachesis still holding the thread of life, but with that hard, cold look that bids us pause and think, even if it does not incite a desire to scan the future. But we pause ere the thought takes shape: for it is one thing to plan for the future, to indulge in day-dreams, and build

castles in Spain, but it would be quite another thing to stand face to face with the trials that will come to us soon enough in the ordinary course of events.

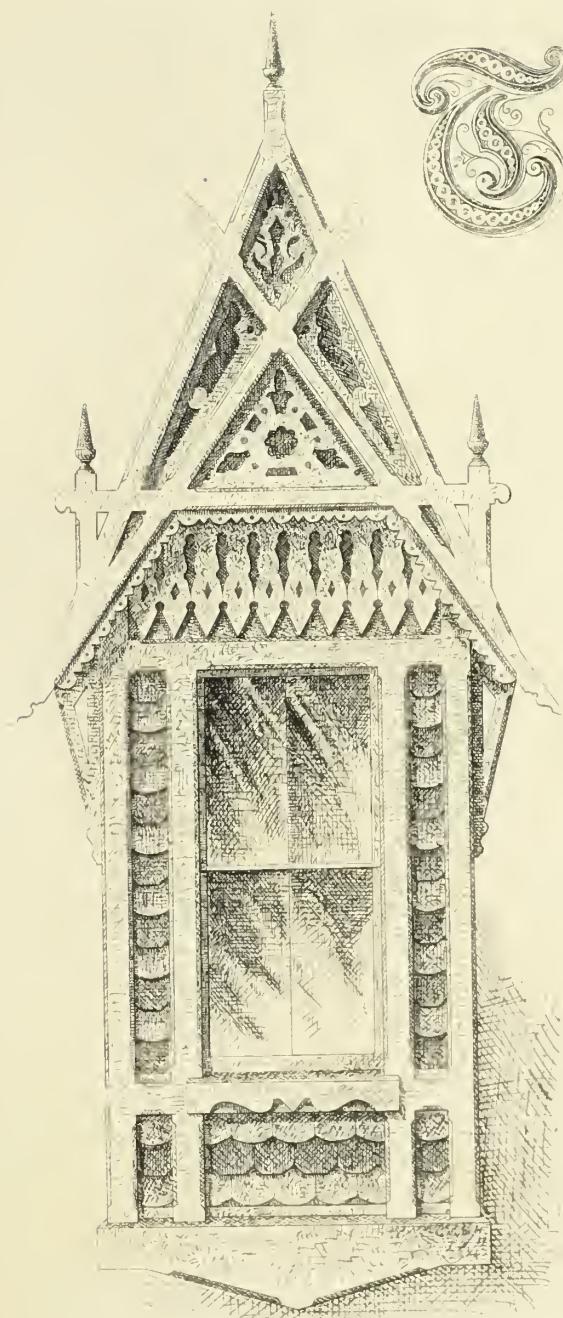
On the west the stables are located, but they are in a great measure screened from view; and on one side of the lawn, in a building set apart for the purpose, there is a fine and airy billiard-room.





“**காந்திராஜா** கே. ராமா

H. G. MARQUAND, Esq.



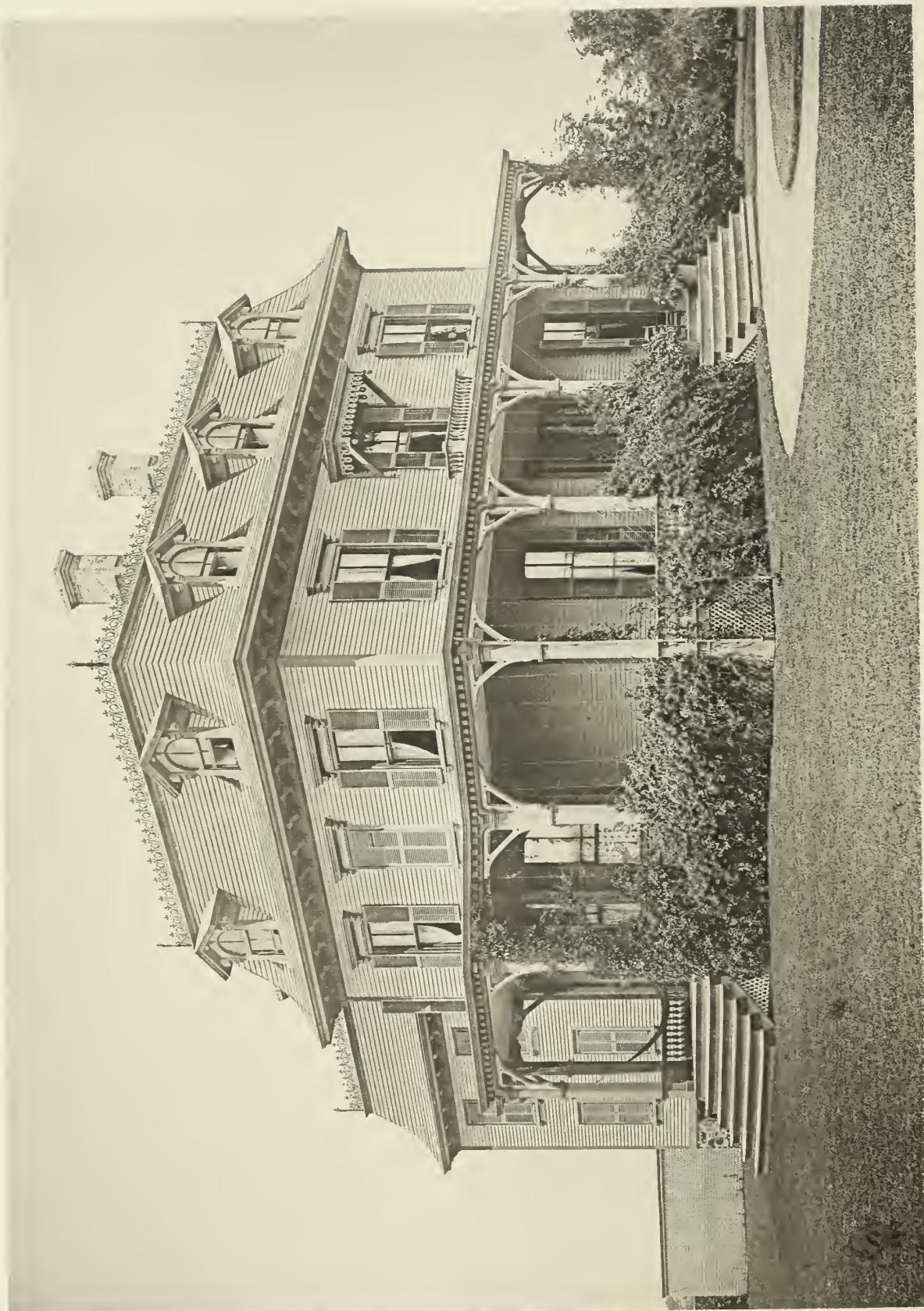
HE square, of which Mr. Marquand's estate makes but a part, was for many years looked upon with covetous eyes; and, when at length it was offered for sale, it was eagerly bought up, Mr. Marquand securing the choicest section, with a frontage on Buena Vista Street, and Rhode Island and Gibbs Avenues. The land gently falls to the east, and the view is wonderfully fine.

The house is as varied as it is pleasing in its lines. The judicious use of stone in the lower story, and of brick both red and black above, makes a combination that is greatly admired; whilst the picturesque gables heighten the effect, and give finish to the whole. It is most advantageously placed in the middle of the grounds, and at a point that gives the best view of the ocean ever rolling in in broad sweeps, the intervening pond, and the bathing beach. The porte-cochere is on the west, the offices are on the north, and the principal rooms are on the south and east; facing the water, the sloping grounds of the little valley known as

Green End, and the hillsides beyond, dotted with farms and country-seats. The veranda on the east, two stories in height, affords a covered and most inviting spot on the second floor, where one may sit for hours, and never tire of the view of the open waters between Easton's Point and the cliffs, which stretch as far seaward as the eye can reach.

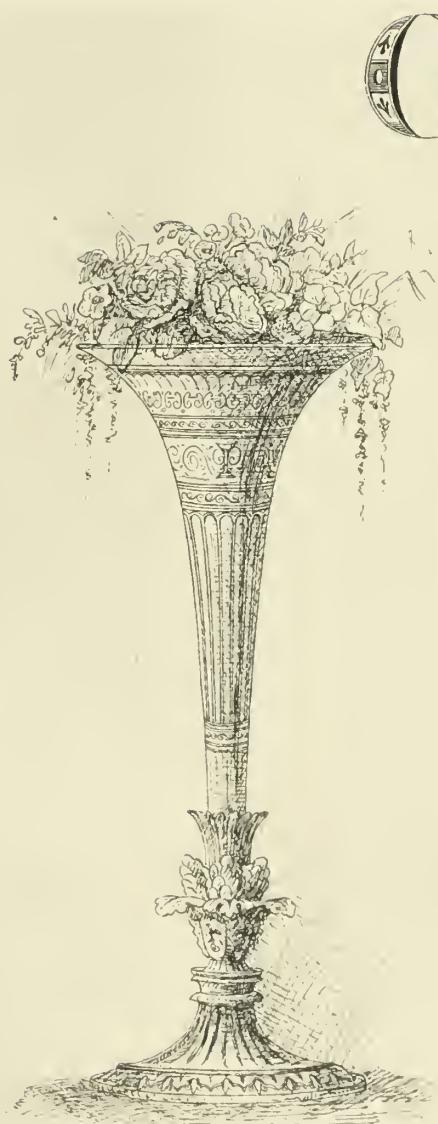
Within doors one finds much to admire,—choice works of art, fine old carvings, rare curiosities gathered in many lands, so quaint, so beautiful, and so tastefully arranged, that the place might well be called “Brie-a-Brae Hall,” did the owner seek for a designation for this fine country-seat.

On the lower edge of the grounds, the stables are placed. They are in keeping with this fine house, and are built of the same materials.



THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING, TALLAHASSEE, FLA., 1880.

M. LAZARUS, Esq.



N the west side of Bellevue Avenue stands the summer residence of Mr. Lazarus of New York; at a point where, if not wholly in sight of the ocean, it is quite near enough to feel the influence of its balmy air. It is within sound of the splash of the sea, even when the waves toy with the shore; and, from the broad piazza on the south, one catches a glimpse of the dark waters—a thread-like strip of blue—as they break on the headland of Spouting Cave and the far-off rocks of Brenton's Reef.

Everywhere on the lower section of the avenue, we find the trees and shrubs are tardy in their growth, owing to the severity of the wintry storms, and exposure to the full force of the wind during the inclement season of the year. But the shrubs thicken well up to a given height; and the flowers, which only know and feel the kindly influence of the summer air, thrive, and help to beautify every place where they are cultivated. Here they are fresh and beautiful: and within

doors art has supplemented nature, for a refined taste and a love for color have added their attractions to this summer retreat.

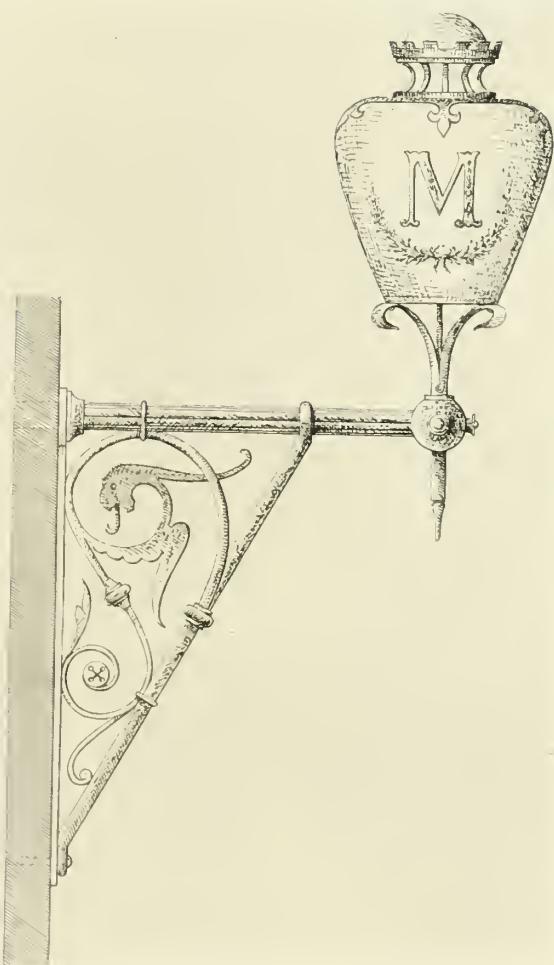
How few really understand this matter of color! Truly has it been said, as melody adds a charm to poetry, so color adds to form. As in the world of melody, so in ornamental art, there are songs without words,—compositions rich in color, which speak to us with the tongue of beauty and perfection, whose rhythm tells of the harmony of an ideal world. Chevreul has well said, “The chief error in furnishing consists in the idea that the most brilliant and showy colors produce the best effect; but the result is just the contrary; and,” he adds, “the eye may become so vitiated with the constant view of discordant or inharmonious assortments of colors, as to dislike an harmonious arrangement when presented to it.”

Furniture, to look well, must have a negative background,—not one that produces a marked contrast, but one that defines each object, and softly and imperceptibly unites them all into a charming whole.



THESE ARE THE WORDS OF JESUS. THEY ARE THE WORDS OF GOD.

J. FREDERICK KERNOCHAN, Esq.



R. KERNOCHAN'S house is directly on the cliffs, at the foot of Webster Street, which brings it in full front of the sea, and at a point that commands all the eastern waters of the bay. It stands high above the surf, for the cliffs just here are higher than elsewhere; and the bank is very abrupt, so that one looks directly down into the seething caldron below. The shore is reached by means of stairs provided for this purpose, and which hug the bank in its sharp descent.

These waters, now so peaceful, have been the scene of strife and contention. Here "The Pigot," detailed to cruise at this end of the island, armed with eighteen guns and as many swivels, cut off all supplies intended for the American forces; and it was only when exasperated to a degree no longer endurable, that a gallant band, under Major Talbot, conceived and carried into practice a plan for her capture. This occurred on the night of Nov. 4, 1778,—nearly a century ago. Later, in the war of 1812, the British ships lying between the two points raked the beach with their shot, and were replied to by the artillery company, the only force then at the command of the citizens.

Mr. Kernochan has not only a fine sea view, but his place has other attractions. The trees, planted on three sides, have attained to a goodly size, many of them being unusually large for a growth so near to the shore, and now

afford a shelter for the finer sort. They also serve to screen the house from high winds. The borders are full; and many choice varieties, single and in groups, stand out upon the lawn. The grounds are effectively treated in broad masses, and the drives sweep gracefully from the entrance gate on the corner to the steps at the foot of the piazza. We cross the threshold, and enter a fine hall finished in hard wood: the floor is of encaustic tiles, and on the left there is a broad staircase with massive newels and balustrades. The rooms are so arranged as to give the best points of view the site commands, and their rich adornments and harmonious coloring make a beautiful and finished whole of the place.

The stables are on the west; and, whilst they are conveniently near, they in no way intrude on the view from the house.

THE SPOUTING CAVE.

THE EXPLOITS OF A DREAMER.

N the extreme outer edge of the headland west of Bailey's Beach, and within sight of Ocean Avenue, one will find the Spouting Rock ; a deep cavernous opening, with a narrow aperture through which the sea, when agitated, rushes with great force, sending out clouds of spray—spouting, as it were — through a vent-hole in the top of the rock, and directly over the boiling waters. To see it to advantage it must be visited at half-tide, during or immediately after a south-east storm ; at which time the sea breaks heavily on the southern shore of the island. At high tide there is too much water to bring out its fine points, and at low tide there is not enough. There are many speculations as to the formation of the interior of the cave ; and, in the absence of any thing definite, I may be pardoned for introducing a sketch descriptive of its depths, written some years ago.

The day was one of remarkable brilliancy, even for Newport. Not a cloud was to be seen in the clear blue expanse ; the air was full of the sweetness of autumnal breezes ; and every thing in the heavens above and the earth beneath invited one to walk abroad, and revel in the beauties of nature. To breathe the fresh air, to enjoy the sunshine, and to roam on the hillside, was ever to me a pleasure without alloy ; and never had I been more tempted to take a holiday than on this occasion. To resist the call would have required more self-control than has fallen to my share ; to work within doors when every ray of sunlight and every breath that stole in by the open window bade me roam, would have been toil indeed ; and so I yielded to the soft influence and persuasive voice,— softer than Helen's, and more persuasive than Calypso's,— and skirting the city, robbed of its gay crowds and its summer flowers, I was soon in the open fields, joyously exulting in the freedom that was mine,

and eager to revel again in the sight of the ocean, whose great heart was pulsating in throbs that sent its waters gushing and foaming far up on the beaches.

Strolling thus, I reached the shore, pausing here to admire the vast expanse of water, and the white sails on its outer edge, seen so delicately through the palpitating air, that one could hardly say whether they were lifted above the element in which they floated, or were indeed "walking the waters like a thing of life;" or there turning shells on the sand, and rudely scratching huge figures on its surface, to see them as quickly obliterated by each advancing wave. And then I ran out on a headland,—a heap of rocks thrown together without form, but not without comeliness,—to find that I had reached the Spouting Cave; for I had walked on without a purpose, and simply to be as free as the elements, and as unrestrained in my movements as the waves that were filling the air with their gentle murmurs,—an endless song of praise. Here was all that could delight the eye, and bring pleasure to the mind; and drawing nearer to the outer edge of the rock, just where it separates into a narrow passage to admit the waters into the unknown depths of the cave, I took my seat.

The spot was well known to me, and often had I spent hours there alone, and yet not alone, for all nature was my companion; and there, as now, I had often looked down into the seething waters: but never before had they so clearly revealed their mysteries. The tide was unusually low: the water was transparent to a degree that excited my curiosity, and, looking down into its clear depths, I could see the actinia and serpula clinging to the surface of the rock, with their little fans expanded, apparently enjoying the same sunshine that was so delightful to me; and deeper down, just seen in the long grass waving to and fro in the gently moving waters, there was, oh, rare beauty! the actinia bellis, the "daisy," as she is sometimes called, displaying her beautiful "cinq-spotted bosom." And, as my eye wandered from this exquisite inhabitant of the vasty deep, it fell upon polypes without number, "like fairy fir-trees in the summer air;" and far beneath the over-arching rock, scarcely to be discerned, I discovered the superb crassicornis, expanded to its full size, and magnificent in the display of its white tubercles round a scarlet-purple disc. Lovely crass! was there ever any thing more beautiful? and I exclaimed aloud in my joy, "Here, of all others, is the place to glean, if I would have an aquarium of unrivalled attractions; for well I know that the annelids and zoophytes I have discovered are impatient of the light, and are hid away from the observation of eager searchers. No one has ever thought to work the mine so unexpectedly opened to me; and I, I alone shall possess

the beautiful crass, the rarest annelids, and rose anemones of most luxuriant growth. Was ever mortal more highly favored?" But in a moment reason returned, and asked, "But how shall I acquire these treasures? No mortal has ever yet sounded these depths; and what if the cave, into which I must enter to possess these rarities— But no, I'll not give way to idle fancies." Quickly disrobing, I plunged into the water, intent on the prize, but glancing first, I must confess, toward the interior of the cavern; for I was at its mouth, and in a position to see all its hidden mysteries; and long had I desired to have them unravelled, but rarely had I seen a time when I could have thus dared to unlock Neptune's secrets.

But, after all, there was nothing more to be seen in the cavern than might be looked for in such a place,— huge rocks dripping with water, wave-worn, and hung with weeds, and spotted all over with the spiral surpulae left bare by the receding tide, and the star-shaped barnacles; and so I ventured within the shade of the overhanging rocks, swimming slowly round, rising and falling with the gentle swell of the ocean that came rolling in,— not in angry billows, but in upheavings that rushed on with a gurgling, gushing sound as they filled all the crevices in the rock, and then, with a heavy swash, expending their remaining force against the farther wall. The light was reflected from the clear surface of the water; and the dancing rays, following the undulations of the waves, played over and over the wall, as pulse beats to pulse, revealing the outlines of every projecting rock. Led on by insatiable curiosity, I swam farther in, but only to pause in a moment, checked by a sight as unlooked for as it was startling. There, before me, was another opening in the rock, leading on, who could say where, or what were the secrets of that inner cavern? The entrance was narrow, but wide enough for one to swim through; and the undulations of the water, as they swept in, sent back from the profound depths gurgling sounds, so distant that they hardly reached the ear. Should I push on? The very thought of such a step caused the blood to rush to my heart. Should I even approach the mouth of this new mystery? No; for who knows but that some unseen current might sweep me to its horrid depths to die a frightful death? For the moment I almost feared to turn my back upon it. To think now of diving for the beautiful zoophytes that had tempted me into the water was a thing impossible; and my sole aim was to regain the shore, where, I confess it, I breathed more freely. But I had brought up nothing with me; and, after dressing, thoughtfully I turned my steps from a spot that had made such an extraordinary impression on my mind. Nor could I think of aught else; and all that night, in my dreams, I was fast bound, Prometheus-like, to the rocks sub-

merged with water; and the vulture tearing at my vitals was the agonizing thought, that the rising waters would soon stifle my groans, and put an end to my suffering. Sleep I could not thus tormented; and I arose gladly with the earliest dawn, but still filled with the thoughts of the past day's adventure.

With the return of light my courage also returned; and, so far from feeling the timidity of the day before, I began to regret that I had not pushed forward boldly to explore the mysteries of the inner cave. As the day advanced, this feeling grew so strong that I could no longer resist it; and at last I determined to fathom all these doubts, let the venture cost me what it would. My only preparation for the enterprise was the selection of a water-tight tin case, into which a well-filled lamp, a few candles, matches, and a strong knife were placed. Then closing it tightly, and attaching to it a small strap by which to suspend it to my neck, I started forth alone; for I had no hope that any one would accompany me, and I cared not to be importuned to give up a project, that, the more I thought of it, the more strongly I was impelled to undertake.

I was not long in reaching the rocks; but to my regret, although the sea was more calm than on the previous day, and the sky (with the exception of a small cloud on the horizon, the appearance of which I did not like) was as clear, the tide was higher, though not rising rapidly. There was no time to lose; and quickly disrobing, and suspending the tin case around my neck, I entered the water, and struck out for the mouth of the inner cavern. There it was, as dark and repulsive as when first seen, but now nearly covered by the rising waters. What was to be done? It might be a year, perhaps many years, before I could have the sea, the sun, and the wind serve me so well; and the impetuosity of my nature would admit of no delay. I am a good swimmer and diver; and without a moment's hesitation I dashed forward, my hands touching the rocks on either side, and my head and body wholly submerged before reaching the extremity of the passage; and then I rose to the surface. Heavens, what darkness! and the silence, broken only by the waters I had disturbed and the throb of my own heart, was overwhelming. Throwing up my hands, I felt on all sides for some object to which I might cling; but there was nothing within my reach,—nothing save the long leaves of the ribbon-weed, swayed by the water forced into the cave, and which entwined around my limbs, as if to claim them as a lawful prize. Pushing toward these, I reached the side of the cavern to which they adhered; and, after a few unsuccessful attempts, I found a foot-hold, and a place to climb up out of the water.

Resting for a moment, my first care was to see that my case was perfectly

safe; and my mind, relieved on that point, began to comprehend the folly of my undertaking. But there was no help for it now, and no time to be lost; so, throwing off the water from my hands as well as I could, I drew forth my lamp and matches. But here I could not help pausing; for I dreaded the revelation that a light might bring to me, even more than the darkness, fearful as it was. But to return now without further search would only lead to regrets hereafter; and so the match was quickly drawn over the rough handle of the knife, and its sulphurous flames I then supposed were the first that had ever illumined that fearful spot. I dared not look up, nor did I till the lamp was fairly burning; and then I took my first survey. I was standing nearly to the waist in the water, on a belt of rocks that seemed to run all round the cavern, which appeared smaller than the one I had just left, but this was only conjecture; all I could see was, that the basin of water had not the same diameter.

I now sought carefully for the mouth of the cave; it was near to me; and my next impulse was to rest satisfied with what I had seen, and return at once to upper air. But this was not what I had entered for; and, with my great object in view, I turned to the rocks forming a sort of table behind me, nearly on a level with my head, and running back an undefined distance. Where I stood it was from ten to fifteen feet wide; but I could see that the space was greater at other points. Rising higher out of the water, and drawing nearer to this belt for a closer inspection, a thrill of terror ran through my veins; for there before me were heaps of small boxes a foot or more in size, bottles of a queer shape, an old skull-cap, the rusty remains of swords, clumsy spears, and a pile that had probably once been cordage, but which, when touched, fell to pieces. No one can conceive of my feelings at that moment. Crusoe, startled by the impression of a foot in the sand, could not have been more amazed; nor could these articles have found their present resting-place by chance, or the upheaving of the sea, any more than the foot-prints could have been an illusion of the mind.

Forgetful now of every thing else, I clambered still higher on the ledge, and worked my way along cautiously, to discover objects that were still more unlooked for,—trunks so decayed that a torch would have caused them to fall apart. Some of them, yielding to the weight within, had burst asunder; and there, all around them, were heaps of coin, judging from their size and shape, but so tarnished as not otherwise to be recognized. Heaps of carved wood were there, more spears (if they could be called such) with vessels both of copper and earthen-ware; and hundreds of other articles, the use of which I could not understand, were thrown together loosely in every available

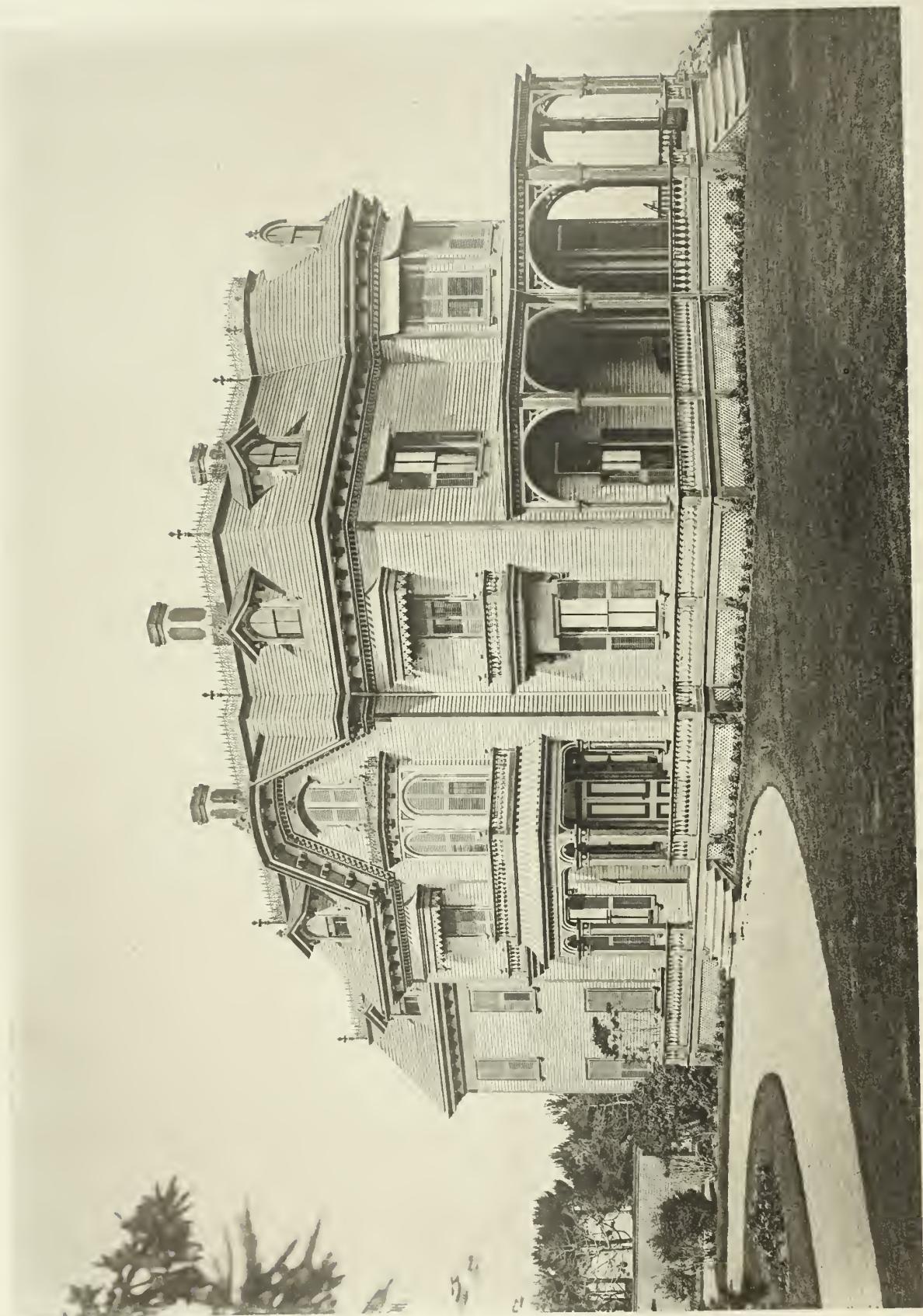
space. What was behind these I could not tell, nor had I the courage to mount higher on the ledge around which I had worked my way; but within my reach I saw a large case that barely rested on the table. To this my whole attention was directed; and a closer inspection showed that it had once been studded with huge nails, all of which had rusted away; and resting as it did, inclined toward me, it seemed an easy matter to remove the cover. Weak as I had thought it, I had over-rated its strength. It creaked under the pressure of my hand, swayed in its unsteady position, rolled over, and crumbled to pieces; and, oh, horror of horrors! out rolled a ghastly skeleton, its white arms extended toward me; and its frightful visage glared at me with its eyeless sockets, which will forever stare me in the face.

What was all that I had gone through with compared with this? And, oh the agony that followed the disclosure of the mysteries of the chest! for, springing from the awful apparition, I struck a projecting point of rock, slipped from my uncertain footing, and fell bleeding and almost stunned into the water; my lamp irretrievably lost, my matches saturated, and knowing not in what direction to look for the mouth of the cavern.

The shock of the plunge revived me in a measure; and after swimming to the side of the rock I managed to draw myself up, but fearing each moment the bony arms of the skeleton would seize me with the grasp of death. How long I remained thus I never knew: I only know that I became conscious of my position by hearing the roaring of the surf without; and then, as I recalled the little cloud on the horizon when I entered the cave, I realized that a sudden storm had come up, which rendered an exit from what had become my prison no longer possible, even could I have found the passage by which I had entered.

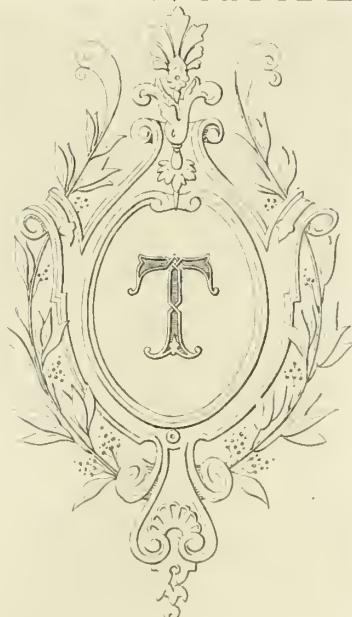
Every moment the waves grew more powerful; and as they broke into the outer cavern, and dashed against the wall of rock that only separated the two spaces, every crystal in the huge masses of granite trembled. The waters, too, came up higher and higher; and I could hear the waves boil and bubble as they rushed in in their maddening play. Hours passed on,—hours of agony a thousand-fold worse than death. Death I prayed for, and that it might come quickly; for there was nothing in it so appalling as the darkness of that cavern, with its unburied dead men's bones, its long weeds that continually clutched at my limbs, and the steady approach of the waters that each moment came up higher and higher,—not with a rush that would have ended my misery at once, but with a fiendish delight in human suffering, which it preferred to prolong to the last moment, and then, with a hellish bound, extinguish forever. It was too much; and with a wild shriek,—a

shriek of mortal pain and of utter, hopeless despair,—I threw myself into the surging sea, now boiling like a caldron, and— Oh, God! as I awoke from my dream, shall I ever forget the agony of that moment; ever cease to realize the distress I had endured, which, if not real, was no less vivid; ever look into the womb of the earth again without trembling? No, never! The wild fantasy may in time fade from the memory; but the vision that leaves an impress on the mind, like a scourge of fiery serpents, can never be effaced. It will haunt the imagination to life's latest end; and when sleep, gentle sleep, should incline the mind as well as the body to repose, it will come like the ghost of Banquo to affright and terrify the soul.



GEORGE E. STURTEVANT,
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING,
BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM W. TUCKER, Esq.



HE house on the east side of Bellevue Avenue, just above the turn as one drives to the Shore Road, is owned by Mr. Tucker of Boston. It stands well back from the avenue, and almost on the verge of the cliff, where the rocky headland holds the surging waters in check. A cottage so placed is literally by the sea.

On the broad piazza of this fine house one takes in the whole expanse of water in front, to the right, and to the left,—an endless, ceaseless caldron churning into suds as it rolls in, and never tiring of its endless play. As far as the eye can reach there is “water, water everywhere,” a boundless sea; calm, it may be, in summer tide, but in the stormy season of the year it is often as terrible as a maelstrom.

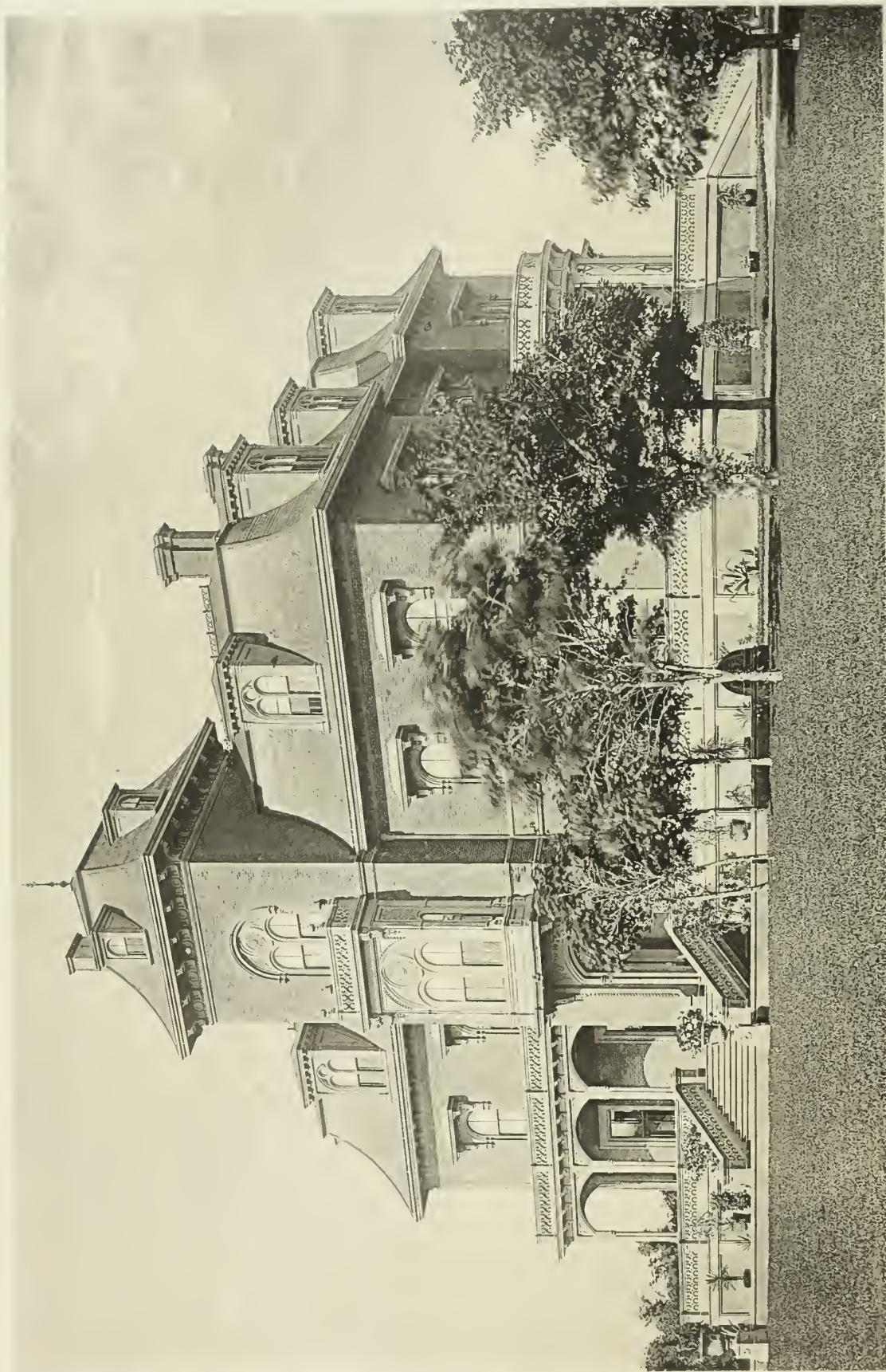
The force of the wind, and the salt atmosphere, tend to check the growth of trees on all the headlands. Trees so exposed are all more or less stunted. Up to a certain height they do well; but, when they would grow higher, the elements combine to keep them back, and with marked success. By planting in groups, with the more hardy on the outskirts, something may be gained. But, as a compensation for the want of a sturdy growth of shade-trees, the greensward offers its velvet surface of tender green, even down to the edge of the bank, growing readily wherever there is soil enough to sustain it, or a crack in the rock offers a foothold for its roots. Let the season be what it may, moist or dry, late or early, the turf presents to our view a uniform surface, ever fresh, ever green.

Around the shore at this point a carriage-drive was once laid out; but when the property changed hands, and was cut into building sites, the project was

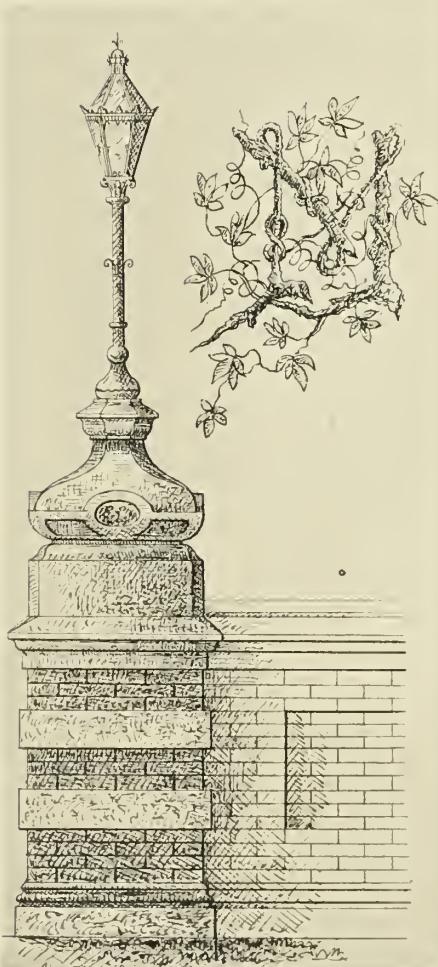
abandoned. The road, although no longer open to vehicles, remains, and is enjoyed by pedestrians, who have the privilege of walking there. It is a sunken road, and in its winding way it passes through a grotto,—an artificial one, but no less attractive; for the rocks of which it is built are now grass-grown, and from the crevices hardy vines swing in the summer air.

Mr. Tucker's house is one of the most thorough and complete of the many fine country-seats in and around Newport. The spacious hall has the proportions of an ordinary drawing-room; and, when the wide doors to the dining-room are thrown open, one standing at the porch may see through the house to the sea breaking on the rocks beyond. From all the windows on the second floor one has the same fine view,—on the south taking in the ocean; on the east, the bay with its numerous headlands; on the north, the stretch far up to the town beach; and, on the west, the indented line of the southern shore of the island, with Beaver Tail and Point Judith in the distance.

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WM. TILDEN BLODGETT, Esq.



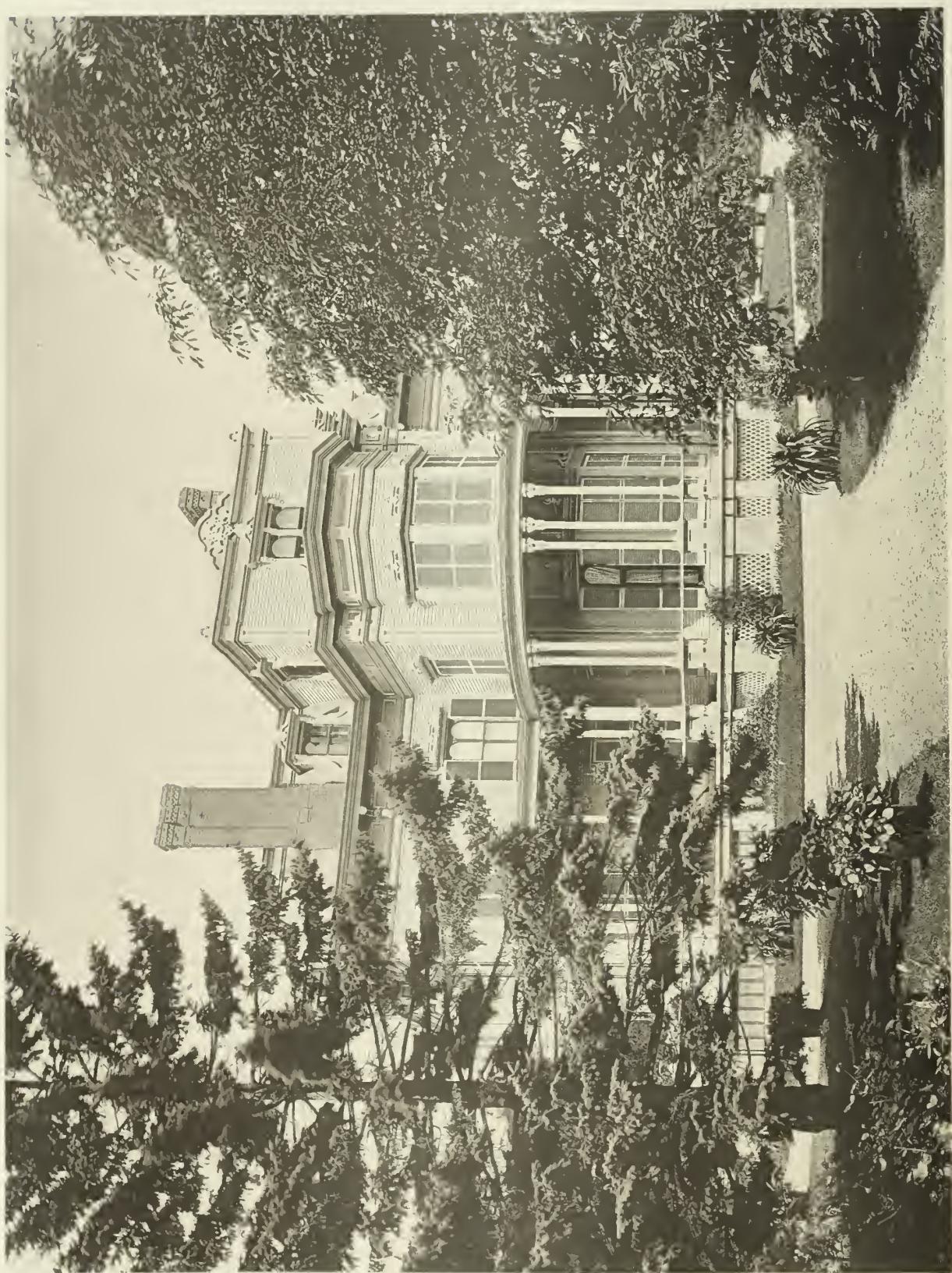
R. BLODGETT'S summer residence is one of the most elegant and attractive of the many fine estates on Bellevue Avenue. It is located on the east side of the avenue, near its southern terminus, and in the centre of a valuable and highly cultivated spot, having a wide frontage on the shore, where the waters are bold, and come churning to the bank at the foot of the lawn. The house is built of brick and olive-stone; and in its lines there is an avoidance of any thing like monotony, by the introduction of bays, balconies, and terraces. On the south there is a conservatory connecting with one of the principal rooms. The walls are hung with rare works of art; the floors glow with the choicest colors of Eastern looms; and through the open casement comes the breath of the sea, to cool the air that even

in the warmest weather is never surcharged with heat.

The approach, as the road sweeps up from the avenue, gives a commanding view of the lawn and the surrounding scenery. He who enters these grounds lingers in the enjoyment of a wealth of bright flowers, and an atmosphere fragrant with their perfume; and he could hardly fail to admire the successful treatment of ornamental gardening, as here exemplified,—a success that can only be obtained by those who have a feeling for the beautiful, a love of nature, and a knowledge of horticulture.

One likes to pass the summer hours near one of these retreats by the sea, to enjoy the luxuriant growth of vines over balconies and terraces, to rest beneath the grateful shade of well-formed trees, and wonder, as we gaze out upon the broad expanse of water, if aught more beautiful can be found in other lands. The very name this spot bears invites us to rest, and spend the hours in delightful converse,—We-tap-wan-was: “sit and talk with us.”

On the right of the entrance-gate there is a lodge of ample proportions, built of brick and olive-stone, in keeping with the house. On the left, built of the same materials, we see the range of stables; and in the middle ground are the curvilinear conservatories and graperies. The wall that marks the bounds of this fine estate on the avenue is also of brick, with a coping and base of olive-stone, as shown in our initial.



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MRS. PARAN STEVENS.



RS. STEVENS'S summer residence is on Bellevue Avenue, Jones, and King Streets, with an entrance on Jones Street, and is quite hid from view from the avenue by luxuriant evergreens and deciduous trees, the growth of years. Many of them, particularly the evergreens, have attained to a large size. These, happily, come between the house and the avenue, at a point where there is always much passing. Within the handsome ornamental fence, there is a beech hedge,—a tree that should be more cultivated, for, although of slow growth, it has few equals, and is

worthy of a place on any lawn. On the north of the house, and stretching in a long line quite across the grounds, one sees the curvilinear graperies, conservatories, and forcing-houses; and the intermediate space is filled with ornamental and fruit trees, and beds of the finest flowers, sheltered from the wind, and growing luxuriantly.

The verandas and terraces run quite around the house and its bays; and from the stately entrance we enter a broad hall, extending from end to end of the building, open all the way up, surrounded by a balustrade on each floor, and lighted from the roof through stained glass of delicate hues. At the north end of the hall, and by the side of the garden entrance, the broad stairs are placed. The internal fittings of this fine house are elaborate, and of the finest hard woods; the furnishing is in keeping; and the walls are hung with pictures richly mounted, many of them Spanish subjects, and recalling the Spanish school generally, both old and new.



THE MCGOWEN HOME, 1850.

R. H. McCURDY, EsQ.



N the crown of Halidon Hill stands the summer residence of Mr. McCurdy of New York. It was one of the first houses built on this commanding ridge.

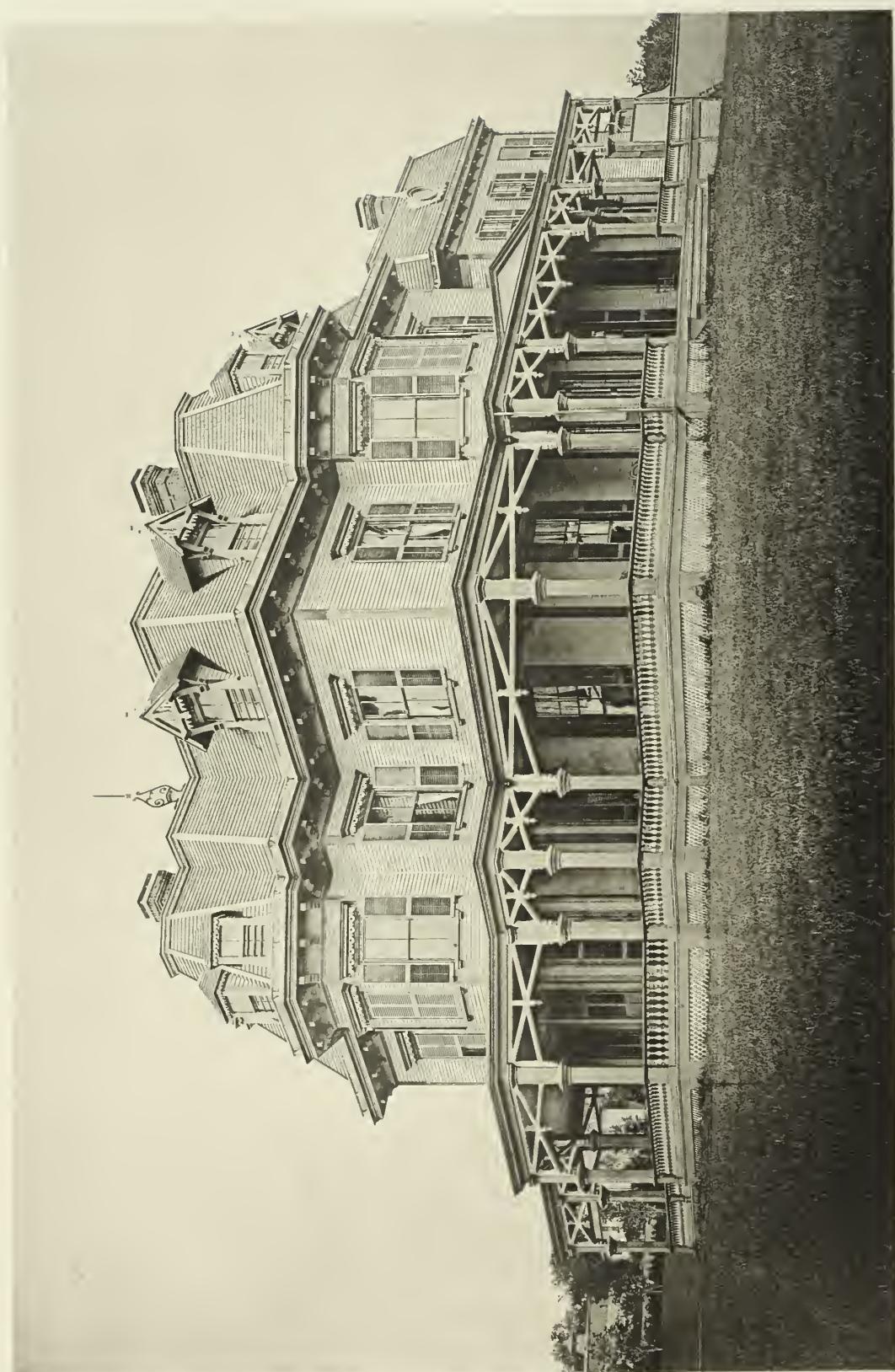


Halidon Hill is the name given to the high ground south of Newport Harbor, and between Wellington and Harrison Avenues,—a spot identified with the Revolution; for here the British, during their occupation of the island, threw up a breastwork, which was only levelled with the surrounding earth a few years since. But though built upon, and no longer left to a tangled undergrowth, the spot has lost none of

its natural beauties. The rocks that crop out have been allowed to remain. They are rich in color, are covered with lichens, the growth of centuries, and the ivies that cling around them are brilliant in the autumn; these, and the evergreens and other hardy trees, find a foothold in the inequalities of the hillsides, and help to beautify the spot.

The view from this point is always fine. On the east, the city is in full view; to the north we see the harbor and bay, and the crescent-shaped island, now the torpedo station, but of old known as Goat Island, then as Fort Anne and Fort George of colonial times, and subsequently as Fort Walcott. Fort Adams is on the west; and beyond all of this the bay stretches northward as far as the eye can see, whilst, on the south, the ocean is in full view. From the house nine lights can be seen at night, guides for the mariners on this part of the coast.

Mr. McCurdy's residence is one of those thoroughly built and well-appointed houses that do credit to the owner. Its rooms are spacious (the drawing-room extending across the whole south front of the building), and it is well provided with piazzas and balconies, surrounded by cultivated borders, and groups of trees and shrubs.



HON. J. WINTHROP CHANLER.

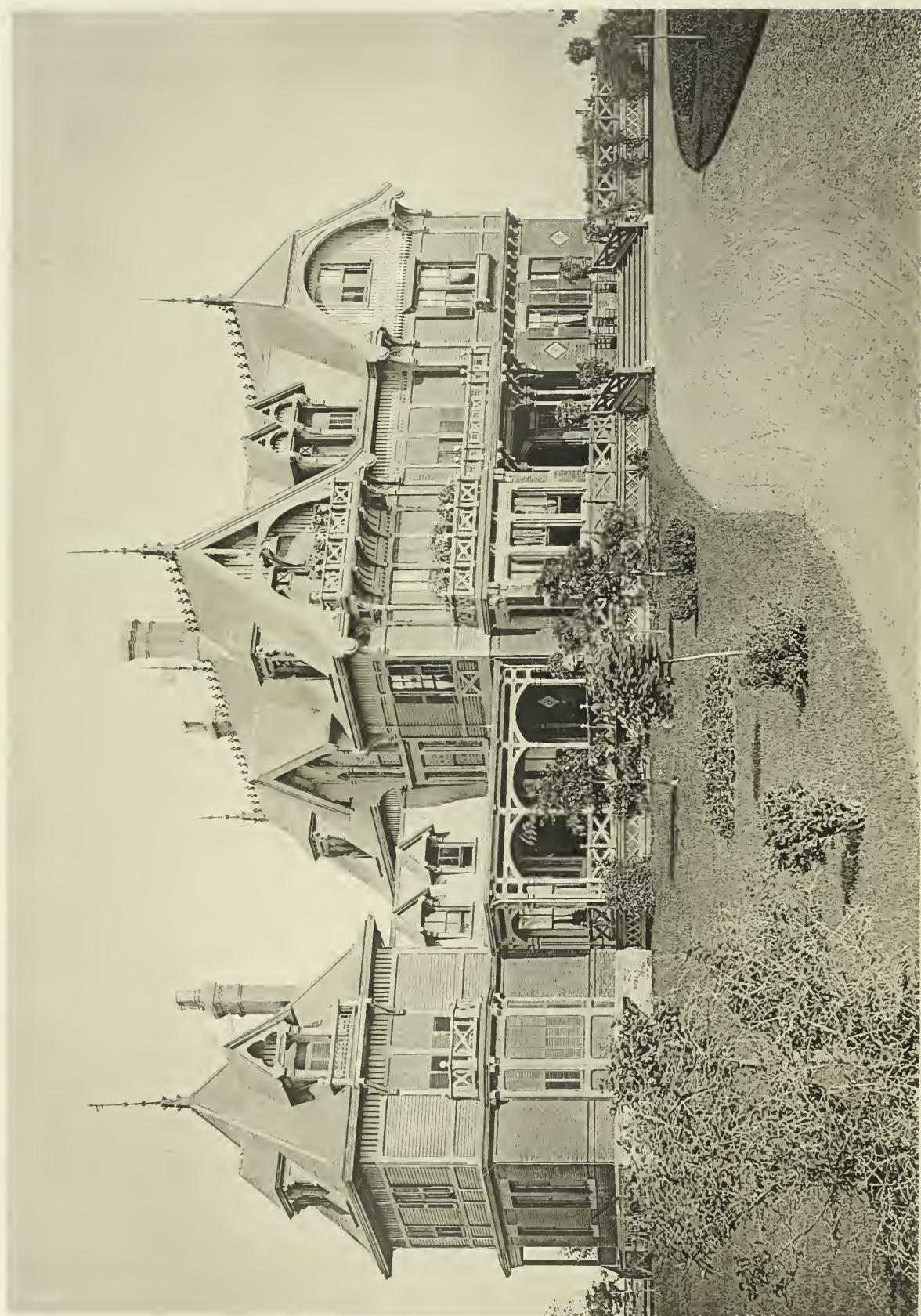


S we descend Bath Road, and approach the bathing beach, the view of the ocean is partially intercepted by a fine house on the right, almost on the extreme verge of the cliff, the summer residence of Mr. Chanler of New York. It is so located, that no neighboring improvements in the future can rob it of its fine view, nor in any way shut it out from the beach, and the broad sheet of water that rolls in and breaks at the foot of the cliff. On the windward side of Bath Road, it escapes the dust; and, whilst it commands an uninterrupted view of all that is going on on the beach, it is far enough removed to enjoy the moving scene without being disturbed by the stir and bustle on the sands. Even those who walk upon the bank pass to and fro without being seen, by a sunken foot-path below the level of the lawn.

What changes are constantly taking place on these shores! and how great the change within a score or two of years, from the time when a seaside cottage at Newport was a thing unthought of, to the present time when almost every fine site has found an appreciative owner! What would we not give if we could read the unwritten history of this island!—not going back to the time when it was peopled by the aborigines, but the history that clusters around the early days of the settlement, when men were too busy in making a home for their little ones to take much note of what was going on. We would know something of the crewless brig that came ashore on Easton's Beach, but a few rods from the spot where now stands Mr. Chanler's house.

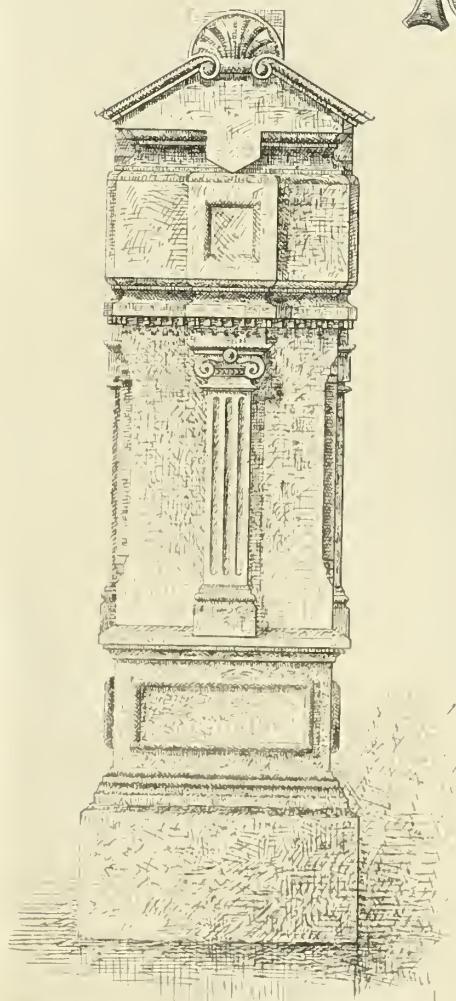
On a bright, clear morning more than a century ago, in fine weather, on she came, with all sail set, and no one to guide her, till she struck on the sands; the fire burning in her galley, and the uneaten breakfast spread in the cabin, but with not a soul on board. She had not been robbed, not a thing had been disturbed, and there seemed no reason why she should have been so suddenly deserted; but there she was, high on the beach, with not a living creature on board, save a dog and a cat. What became of the crew? What induced them to leave her when so near to port? Who can tell? and who can throw any light on Kidd's movements, who is known to have resided on this island at one period during his mad career?

This fine residence has a broad piazza on three of its sides, affording at some one point always a shelter from the sun and wind. The sea is ever in view, and there are few windows in the house that do not command a sight of the ocean; whilst its wide hall running through the house, high ceilings, and rooms of ample proportions, make it a charming abode by the sea. The grounds on the west extend to Cliff Avenue, where the stables are placed.



ESTATE OF E. S. STURGEON, NEW YORK

NATHAN MATTHEWS, Esq.

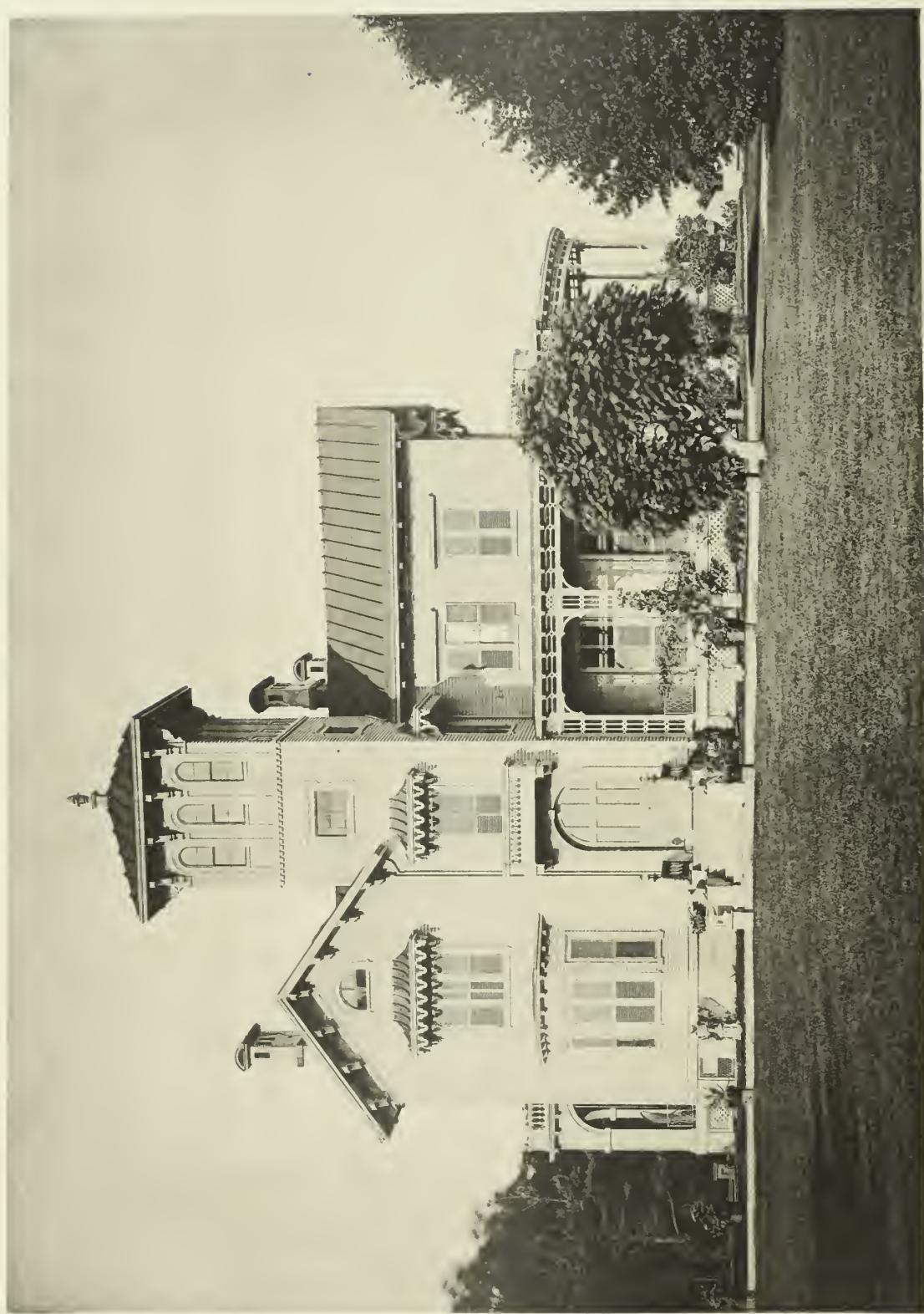


R. MATTHEWS' villa is on the east side of Bellevue Avenue, and is one of the most picturesque in Newport. It is tasteful in detail, attractive in color, and well balanced in its proportions. The materials used in its construction are face brick, with brown-stone trimmings for the first story, inlaid here and there with wall tiles, and wood above; the latter in style after the old timber houses of a former age, which are so justly noted for their pleasing effect. To give this effect on the exterior, the height of stories had necessarily to be kept down; but the house has so many other attractions, one does not feel, on entering it, any want of height in the ceilings. The hall is broad, and offers to view a handsome staircase; the principal rooms open out on a piazza and terrace raised but a step or two above the lawn; and from the east a view is obtained of the sea, although the grounds do not go down to the shore.

This fine place has been built but a few years, and sufficient time has not elapsed to allow of a strong growth of trees. But eventually it will be as rich in this particular as its neighbors: meanwhile we can enjoy a sight of the admirably graded lawn as we drive by,

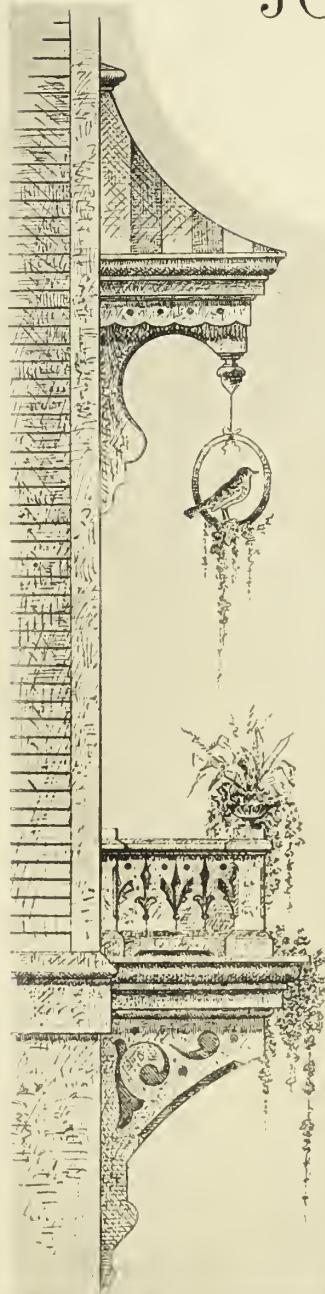
and the unrestricted view of the house, which never tires the eye. The fence which surrounds the grounds is happily an open one; and it is to be regretted, that the custom of putting low open fences to pleasure-grounds is not more general. The man who owns a fine lawn, like the owner of a fine picture, owes it to the public to allow it to be seen and enjoyed by others. We may not intrude on the grounds, or take the slightest liberty with his plants and flowers; but every one, as he rides by, appreciates the privilege of looking upon a broad sweep of greensward, carefully rolled and cut, beds of fragrant flowers, and clumps of rare plants and shrubs.

Mr. Matthews owns a tract of land on Coggeshall Avenue, a short distance from his house, where he has his stable, and a lodge for his gardener.



SEAGATE ESTATE. NEW YORK. 1850.

JOHN KNOWER, Esq.

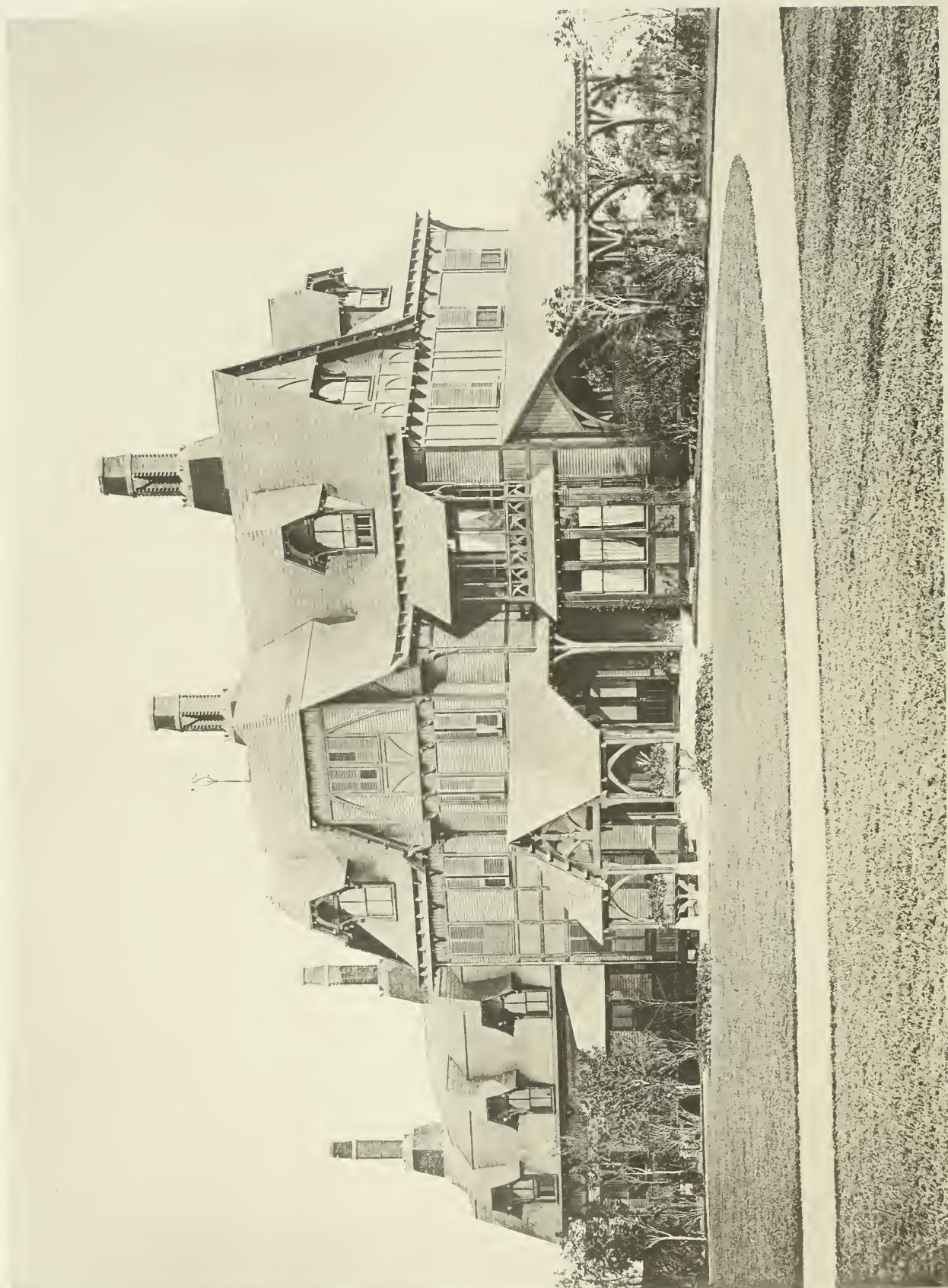


N the east side of Bellevue Avenue, midway between the Ocean House and the extreme southern extremity of the avenue, stands the summer residence of Mr. Knower of New York. This is one of the gems of Newport. It has long been admired; and although, since the time when it was erected, it has been surrounded, almost hemmed in, by other estates, it has lost none of its prestige, but is as much esteemed as in days passed. In form it was happily conceived; and it was gracefully placed where it could be seen to the best advantage,—not so far back from the avenue as to be lost to view, nor so near as to appear crowded and cramped for room.

At the entrance to the grounds there is a picturesque lodge, over which the honeysuckle and rose have been taught to climb; and the road to the house, in one broad sweep, makes a circuit of the western portion of the lawn. On the east the lawn runs quite down to the sea, where it is bounded by a substantial sea-wall.

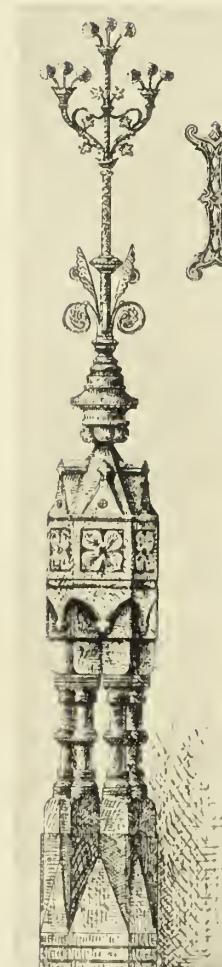
The planting on that side is comparatively open, that nothing of the sea-view may be lost to the house. The stable, on the south, is screened by a dense growth of trees.

The house is in the style of an Italian villa, with a well-proportioned tower, pleasing balconies, bays, and piazzas on all sides. The hall runs quite through the house, and is in itself a very attractive feature; the library bay commands a view of the avenue; the parlor and drawing-room are so arranged as to have a view on three sides; and the dining-room windows open to the sea.



FRANCIS M. EDGERS, ESQ., PELHAM PLAZA, NEW YORK.

FAIRMAN ROGERS, Esq.



N 1838 the writer was asked in New York, "What do you think of an investment in Newport, similar to that of my friend Beach Lawrence?"—"For what purpose?" we asked. "In anticipation of a rise some day, when the spot becomes better known as a watering-place." We were incredulous, and replied, "The land to-day has a value for agricultural purposes, as it had a century ago; and it will be long before there will be any other demand for it."

How time has changed the whole southern portion of this island! how the reality has surpassed the dreams of the most sanguine! and what strides have been made since that summer's day in 1838! Then the purchase made by Gov. Lawrence with so much forethought involved but an insignificant outlay; but to-day we find in one corner of that tract a superb establishment, the subject of our sketch, built by Mr. Rogers of Philadelphia during the past winter, and only recently from the workmen's hands. Where there was a wavy field a year ago, now there is a beautiful lawn, perfectly graded, and liberally stocked with trees that have numbered more than a score of years. Who that sees them in their budding freshness can realize this, or believes that so much could have been accomplished in so short a time? The grass is as tender and green as on the neighboring lawns, the flowers bloom as luxuriantly as if they had always been cultivated in their beds, and the vines cling lovingly to the trellises provided for their support.

The house is picturesque in its outline. It is kept low in form and color, and so arranged as to bring into view all the finer features of the site. The hall, of most generous proportions, runs quite through the house, with

the principal rooms on either hand ; and through the broad sheets of plate-glass, which extend from the floor almost to the ceiling, we have ever in view the surf breaking on the ragged rocks of Ochre Point on the one hand, and on the other the beautiful lawns, winding walks, summer-houses, and the gay throngs strolling along the cliffs. But intuitively the eye turns from all this to the crest of the waves as they roll in in long undulating lines, chafed and torn, and often broken into feathery spray, till at length, gathering all their forces into one convulsive bound, they dash against the shore almost at our feet. Here on these broad verandas we may watch them with endless delight; just removed beyond their bounds, and yet so near as to feel the motion they give to the soft airs that steal in from the sea.

Every provision has been made for the comfort and happiness of the inmates of this costly structure ; and all that is choice and beautiful has been brought into requisition to make it attractive and enjoyable.

FORT ADAMS.



N one or two days in the week, during the summer, a crowd will always be found at Fort Adams, where one may enjoy the music of the regimental band, furnished through the courtesy of the commanding officer. Many take the fort on their way to the Shore Road, and still have time enough to see the sunset from Brenton's Point, and return by the way of Bellevue Avenue.

From the parapet of Fort Adams we enjoy a prospect that will always reward one for the trouble of mounting the steep and slippery granite steps. On the east the city is spread out to view, rising gradually from the water, and appearing from this point to the best advantage. In front of the city rests in crescent shape the low island (now given up to the torpedo corps) on which stand the remains of Fort Wolcott, running off to a gravelly point on the south, and on the north terminating in a long breakwater and a conspicuous light-house. The waters of the harbor are dotted with the snow-white canvas of a hundred sailboats and yachts, constantly on the wing like so many gulls, gracefully sailing along; here sweeping off before the wind, there close-hauled, chasing a rival, or trying their speed with some new competitor. To the north, full in view can be seen Rose Island, with its solitary light-house, ruined walls of old batteries, and low embankments, which have lost almost every trace of their former shape. Gould Island looms up through the haze that settles upon the water; the bolder outline of Coaster's Harbor is more distinct; whilst rising high up in the background stands Miantonomi Hill.

On the west the view is wholly different. There is Conanicut, not bold and high in form, but its surface is beautifully broken into endless lights and shades, its shore-line dotted with island rocks, abrupt walls of graywacke, and quiet little bays; and over all, like a sentinel, stands the round tower of the Dumpling Fort, perched upon the highest point of a little promontory,

and commanding all that portion of the bay. Beyond we have Beaver Tail; and, far out on the horizon, Point Judith, which can only be seen on a clear day.

In the little cove by the fort, known as Brenton's Cove, there are a few ghastly ribs of a once beautiful bark, that in her palmy days was called "The Gem;" a vessel that had made many voyages to the coast of Africa, taking out "coast goods," and bringing home ivory, gold-dust, and palm-oil with such despatch that the palm-oil (palm-butter, the sailors call it) was as sweet when opened in port as when shipped on the coast. But in an evil day, on a return voyage, in heavy weather, a rough sea, and blinding snow, she lost her reckoning. Then came the hoarse cry through the darkness that had settled down upon her, "Breakers ahead!" followed by "Hard-a-port!" but it availed nought. Another plunge or two, a harsh, sickening grating over the rocks, followed by a list, and then all was still save the roaring of the surf and the flapping of the sails. Daylight disclosed to the crew that they had stranded on Block Island. Assistance was obtained, her cargo removed; and then she was raised on floats, her hull broken, her symmetry gone forever, and her copper hanging in shreds. She was brought into Newport Harbor, condemned, and sold for a trifle. The purchaser endeavored to fit her for sea again; but for some reason the enterprise was abandoned, and she was left in her dock for years, the tide regularly rising and falling in her hold, and the wind sighing through her rigging. At last she was towed over to Brenton's Cove, and there left to the worms and the elements,—out of the way, but not out of sight,—and there she will now remain till she falls to pieces; and that may not be till years have elapsed, so long does it take one of these old hulks to succumb.

It is sad to see a fine ship stranded, dismantled, and left to decay; buffeted by the winds, pelted by the storms, uncared for, unthought of; a useless, worthless, worn-out old servant; fit only for firewood, but put together too strongly to be taken apart easily, and therefore given over to the elements to reduce to nothingness little by little, step by step, till some mighty storm at last completes the work, and strews the shore with fragments. A sight like this is familiar to every dweller by the sea. Vessels that once "walked the waters like a thing of life," but now cast aside as the carcass of a mule is thrown upon a dung-heap, are to be found in every seaport from Maine to Georgia. I know not how they are viewed by others; but to me their chafed and weather-stained sides, broken masts, and splintered spars, with here and there a shred of rigging whipped to rope-yarns, are full of eloquence. They tell of days of usefulness, when, with every sail set, they flew from clime to

elime, bearing their treasures safely, and in return bringing rich gains to their owners' doors. But when helplessly stranded, as was this beautiful bark, the past, however meritorious, counts for nought.

Some years ago, whilst strolling on the shore back of the "Dumplings," I found my way into a little cove, so closed in by high rocks at the extreme end and on each hand, as to shut out every thing but the view seaward. Not a house of any kind could be seen, nor a trace of man or beast. This made the spot no less attractive. But, on turning a clump of rocks, I came upon the masts of a schooner, sunk in deep water close to the ledge. It was a startling sight, and awoke feelings akin to those of Crusoe when he came upon the footprints in the sand. The loneliness I experienced defied expression. Every impulse dictated flight from the spot; and, without pausing longer than to take in the whole scene, I scrambled over the rocks, almost fearing to look over my shoulder. Subsequently I learned that the vessel, loaded with granite, in a fog had struck the wall of rock, and had gone to the bottom like so much lead. It would have been idle to attempt to raise her; and so her sails and rigging, with every thing that could be reached, were taken away, leaving her lower masts and cross-trees, bleached to whiteness by the sun and rain, to mark the spot, like two ghostly hands thrown up imploring for help, or pleading for mercy.

On the southern shore of this island, in the neighborhood of Brenton's Reef, many vessels bring up; and if they once strike they are generally doomed. Owing to the force of the sea in that exposed spot, they are soon broken up: the strongest rarely last through more than one winter; and when spring comes the fragments may be found in the clefts of the rocks, or high and dry upon the banks.



THE ESTATE OF HENRY S. PEARING, Esq., NEW YORK.

HENRY S. FEARING, Esq.



N the cliffs, approached from Annandale Road, stands the residence of Mr. Fearing of New York, now almost hid from view on the west by a luxuriant growth of trees. The house was built by the late Daniel B. Fearing, Esq., whose strong attachment to Newport, his

fondness for horticulture and rural improvement, found expression in the embellishment of this beautiful spot, which descended to, and is now owned and improved by, his son. Every thing that is choice, rare, and attractive has from time to time been added to its stock of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants; the most careful attention has been paid to the manner of planting and training whatever has been deemed worthy of culture, and in the forming of groups, vistas, and borders. The graperies and peach-houses have long been in bearing order, the greensward is the perfection of a lawn, and grazing in the paddock may be seen the finest Alderneys. At the entrance to the grounds there is a tasteful lodge; and on the extreme north, where one can catch but a glimpse of it through the trees, stands the stable.

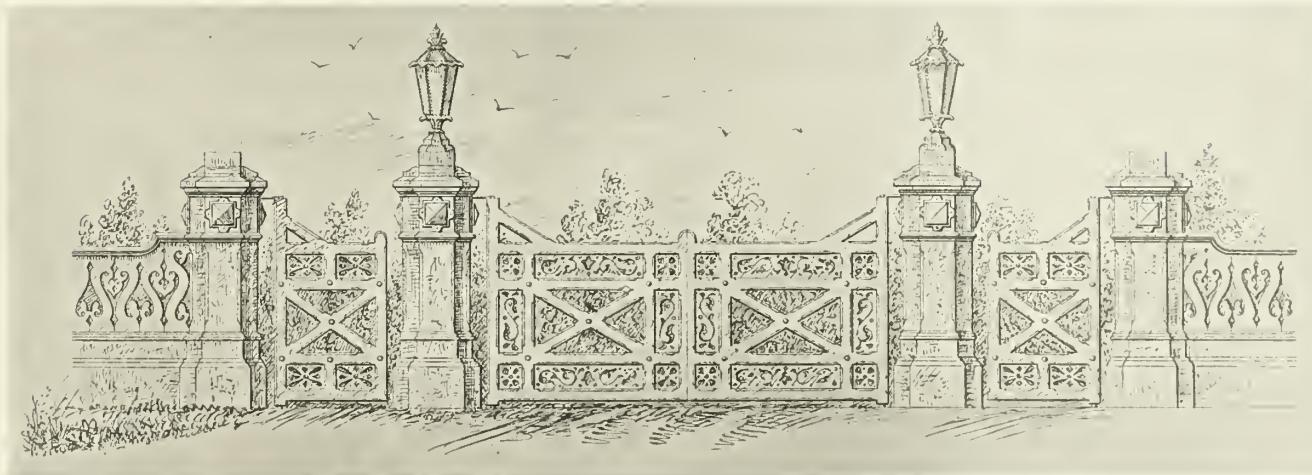
The house is marked by an air of solidity and comfort. The hall, which should always be made a fine feature, is broad and open; and, as we step from its marquetry floor, we enter spacious rooms on the south and east, including the billiard-room, all having a view of the sea across the lawn, made still more attractive by beds of flowers in front of the veranda.

“There are certain scenes,” says Gray, “that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other arguments;” and I think the sea must have this power. How we love it! How dependent we are on it for much of our happiness! What a source of pleasure it is to look upon its heaving bosom, at all seasons, and in all weathers!

“Thy din
To me is peace: thy restlessness, repose.”

When we descend from our rooms in the morning, we turn to it with delight; and in the still hours of the night we listen to catch the ripple on the beach. In summer and winter, in storm and sunshine, it is the same; for

“Thou hast in thee the life
Of nature; and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with ties of love.”





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HON. HUGH T. DICKEY.



IVIERA, the summer residence of Judge Dickey of Chicago, is an Italian villa, built on the crest of a hill that overlooks the water on the harbor front, surrounded by beautiful accessories, and with a broad and undulating lawn running down directly to the shore, where there is a picturesque boat-house, and a landing-place. The little bight made by Fort Adams and Brenton's Cove affords a snug

harbor for boats and yachts, where they may swing at their moorings in full sight from the house. The road winds up the hill on which the house is placed, making the ascent and descent easy and gradual; and the whole contour of the ground is so different from that of the majority of country-seats, that it becomes doubly attractive.

Since the time that the house was built it has had several owners, who have in turn added to it, till now, in point of finish, furnishing, and decorating, it is well-nigh perfect. All the resources of the horticulturist have been taxed to beautify the grounds; and the little stream —

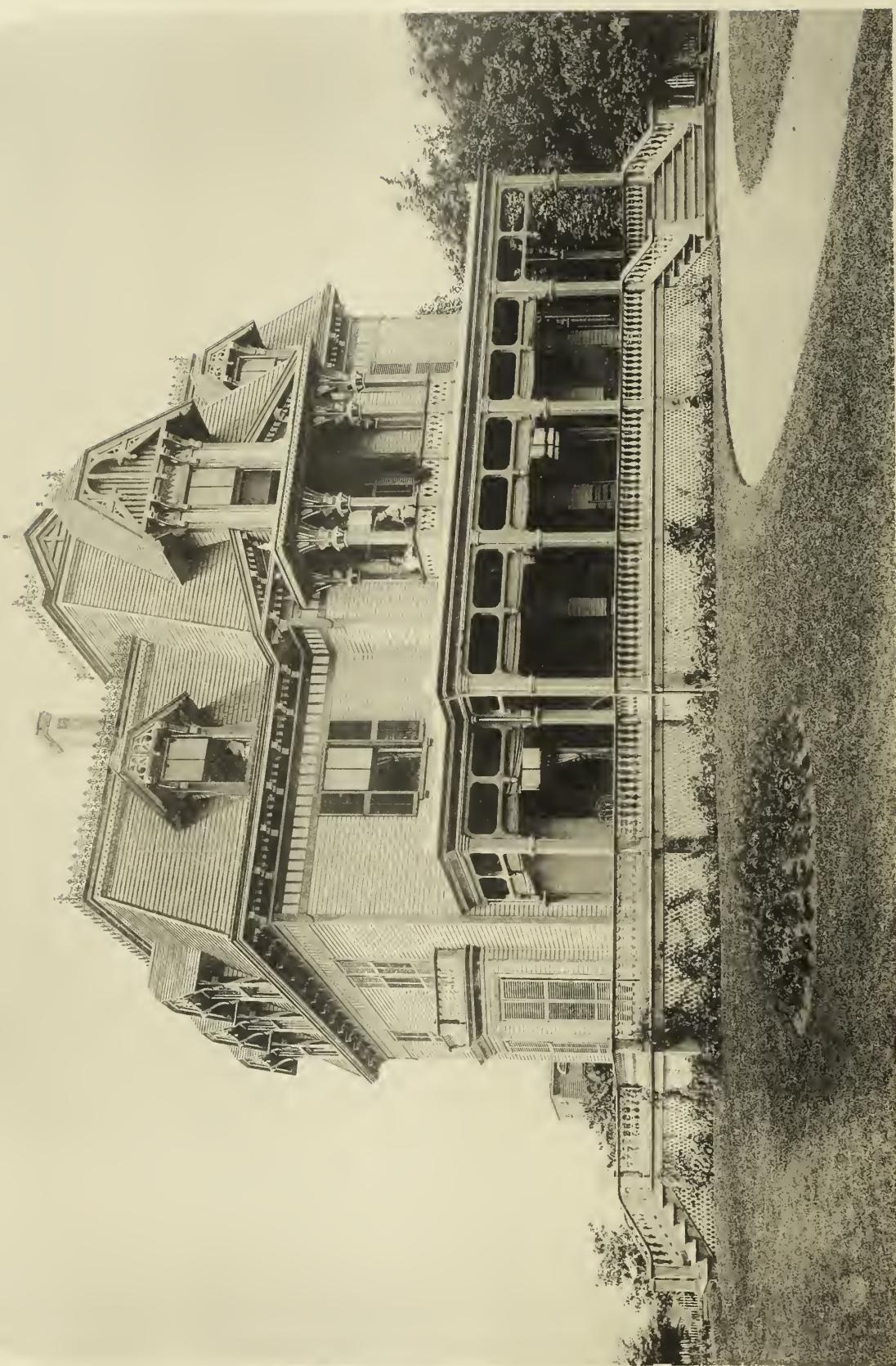
“Just heard to trickle through the covert near,
And soothing with perpetual lapse the ear” —

has been widened into a tiny pond, spanned by a rustic bridge, on the right as we drive over the lawn.

In front there is the lovely view of the bay, with its little islands, the panorama of boats and steamers, from the leviathans that ply nightly to and

from New York, to the little tugs that are never long in one place; whilst the rippling waters moving, as it were, to the music of the regimental band at Fort Adams, and the tinkling of bells that ever and anon is wafted over from the city, fall on the ear with a melody that is as soothing as the prospect from this favored spot is delightful.

THE GRANGE, MRS. FREDERICK WOODWARD. NEW YORK.



MRS. ROBERT WOODWORTH.



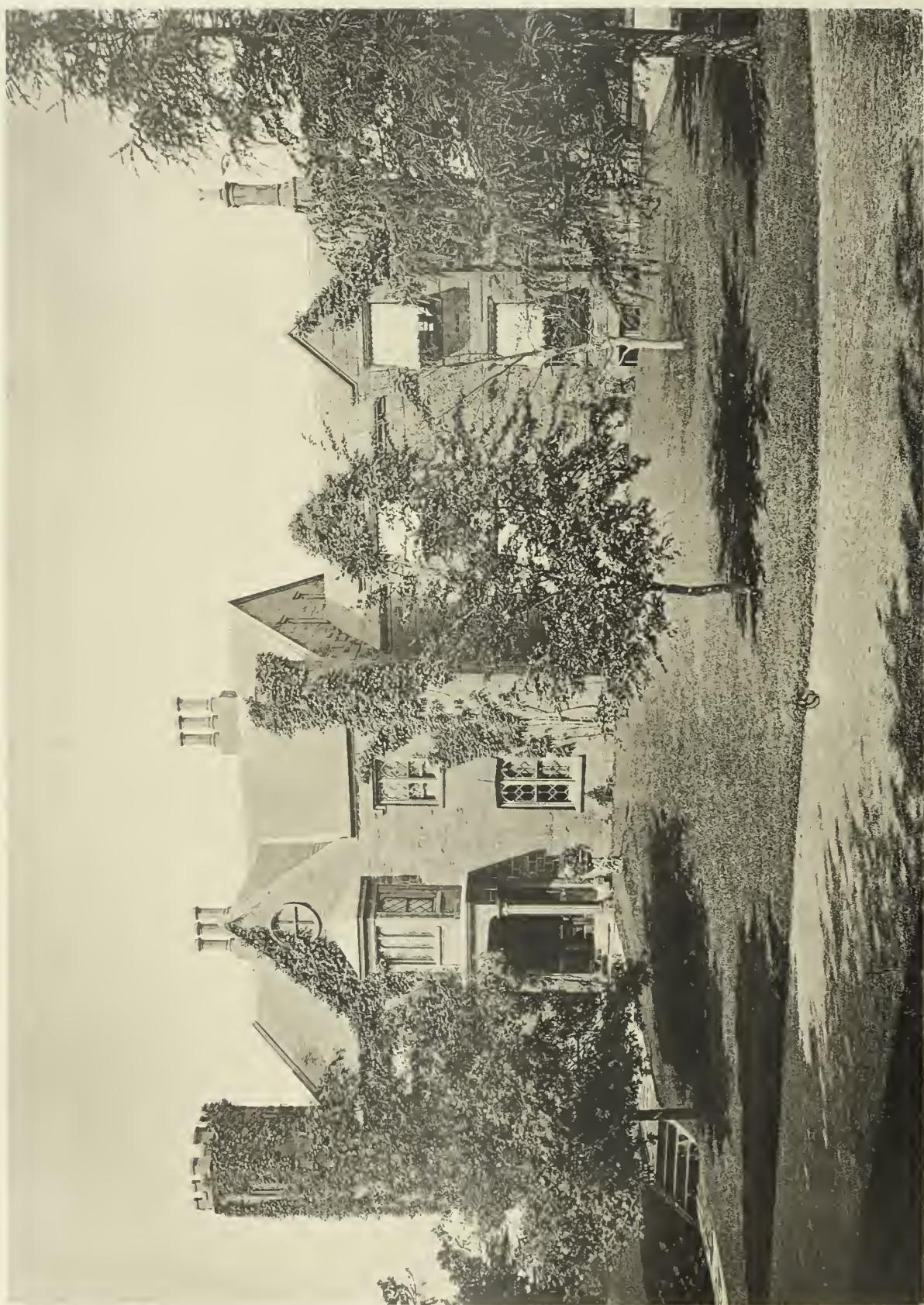
E turn aside from the busy throng on Bath Road, passing to and from the bathing beach; and as we stroll through Cliff Avenue, looking for an opening that will take us to the sunny slopes on the left, we are attracted by a beautiful residence on the corner of Retirement Road, owned and occupied by Mrs. Woodworth of New York. It is placed on the edge of a little copse, a wooded spot that delights the eye, and is almost surrounded by trees that have attained to such proportions as to claim and win the admiration of all who chance that way,—lindens, maples, oaks, pines, and elms, all combining to form a grateful shade, whilst they shut out the dust from the road, and shelter the house from the strong north winds. On the south and east, where there is a fine view of the ocean, the shade-trees are kept in abeyance; and we are left to the full enjoyment of the moving waters. The leaves rustle gently in the summer air, the birds flit from bough to bough, the droning insects hover over the beds of flowers that greet us with their nodding plumes; and fain would we pass the morning hours on the broad piazza, sheltered from the sun, and in full view of the sea. Listless we cannot be; for the bobolink, with his spink-spank-spink, flashes by in his robes of russet and white; the robin, the oriole, bright, noisy, and restless, the chirping sparrow, and the blackbird with his flaming shoulder-knots, all denizens of “the grove,” fill the air with melody; whilst the swallows under the eaves call to mind the carol of the Rhodian children, on the advent of the harbinger of spring,—

“ He comes, the bird whose wings shall bear
To us soft hours and seasons fair:
The swallow hither comes to rest
His sable wings and snowy breast ;

Then from thy flowing wealth bestow
Rich flagons of the rosy wine,
And wheaten cakes, and flour most fine;
The ripe fig-cheese within our basket stow;
And let the swallow guest partake
The dainties of thine omelet-cake."

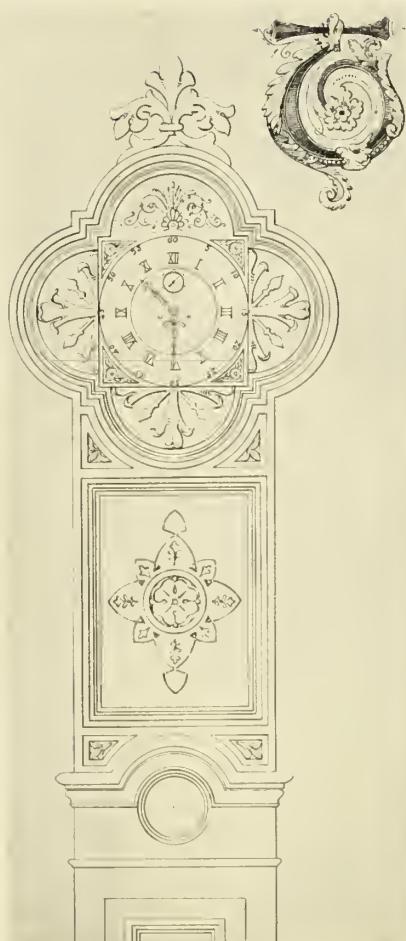
Mrs. Woodworth's house was adapted to the site. The parlors and libraries open upon the piazza; the fine dining-room is on the north; and the offices are on the west, where there is no view. From the upper windows there is a wide view over the neighboring waters, which is still more extended from the windows in the high Mansard.





THE MANSION OF THE BISHOP OF BANGKOK.
BANGKOK, THAILAND.

HENRY BEDLOW, Esq.



HERE are but few places in Newport so fully identified with colonial times as Malbone, the residence of Mr. Bedlow. It takes its name from Godfrey Malbone, one of the wealthy leaders of society prior to the Revolution, and who built and occupied the house that stood originally on the site of the present house. In 1766 it was unfortunately burnt, the fire breaking out just as a large party had assembled for dinner. The flames had made such progress when discovered, that it was evident the house could not be saved; and Mr. Malbone at once gave orders that the viands should be taken to the lawn, where the meal was served as if nothing had happened; Mr. Malbone declaring, that, if he had lost his house, there was no reason why his guests should lose their dinner.

For many years the spot known as "Malbone's Garden" remained in a neglected state, and finally was purchased by the late Hon. J. Prescott Hall; who built the present house, restored the terraces, cleaned out and re-stocked the fish-ponds, and devoted the remainder of his life to the place that had so many attractions for him. Here he enjoyed his books and favorite studies. He was skilled in botany, a successful horticulturist, and a close observer of the habits of every species of animal life. He noted the movements of the birds that frequented his grounds, chronicled their arrival and the time of their departure, watched over their fledglings in the trees around his house, and adorned his library with many varieties of

stuffed birds, from the humming-bird to the golden pheasant. The trees around his door were always filled with robins, gentle and melodious, for they were never disturbed; and it is not a little remarkable, that the last sound that attracted the attention of the dying man was the notes of one of his favorite songsters. It was just at the close of day. The sun was setting behind the distant hills, and all nature was sinking to repose, when a robin perched on a bough by a window of the room in which the sufferer was breathing his last, and poured forth his evening song of praise. The dying man raised his eyes, listened till the last note died on the air, then closed them peacefully, and passed from earth.

On the death of Mrs. Hall, who survived her husband but a few years, the place passed into the hands of Mr. Bedlow, who has done so much for it that it hardly seems possible to do any thing more to beautify and adorn it. Some defects in its construction have been overcome, making the hall vastly more commodious and pleasing; the finest woods have been used in the fittings; and every thing that art and a cultivated taste could suggest has been added to what in itself was pleasing and attractive, and is now doubly so.

The view from the terrace on the west takes in the bay, from a point far up the river on the one hand, to Point Judith on the other; and the fine old cedars around the house, the growth of centuries, are the only trees of the kind on the island.

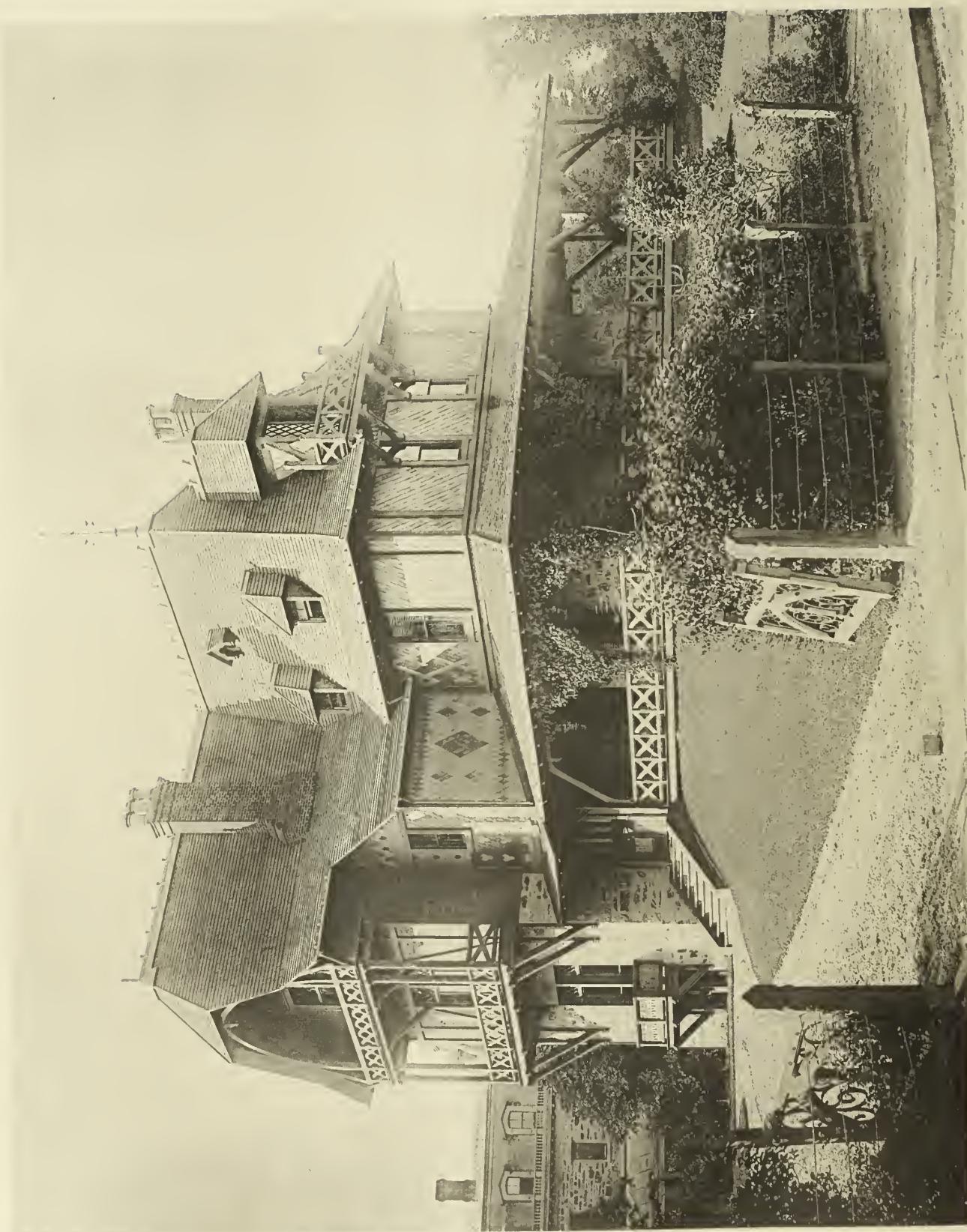
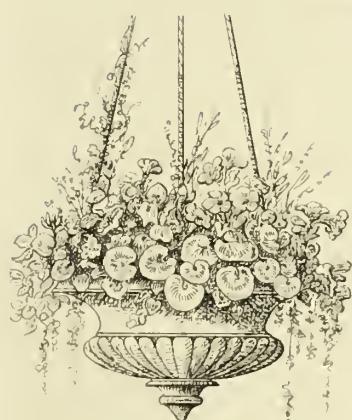
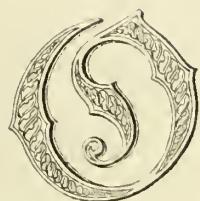


PLATE 20. EASTON, MASS.

THOMAS APPLETON, Esq.

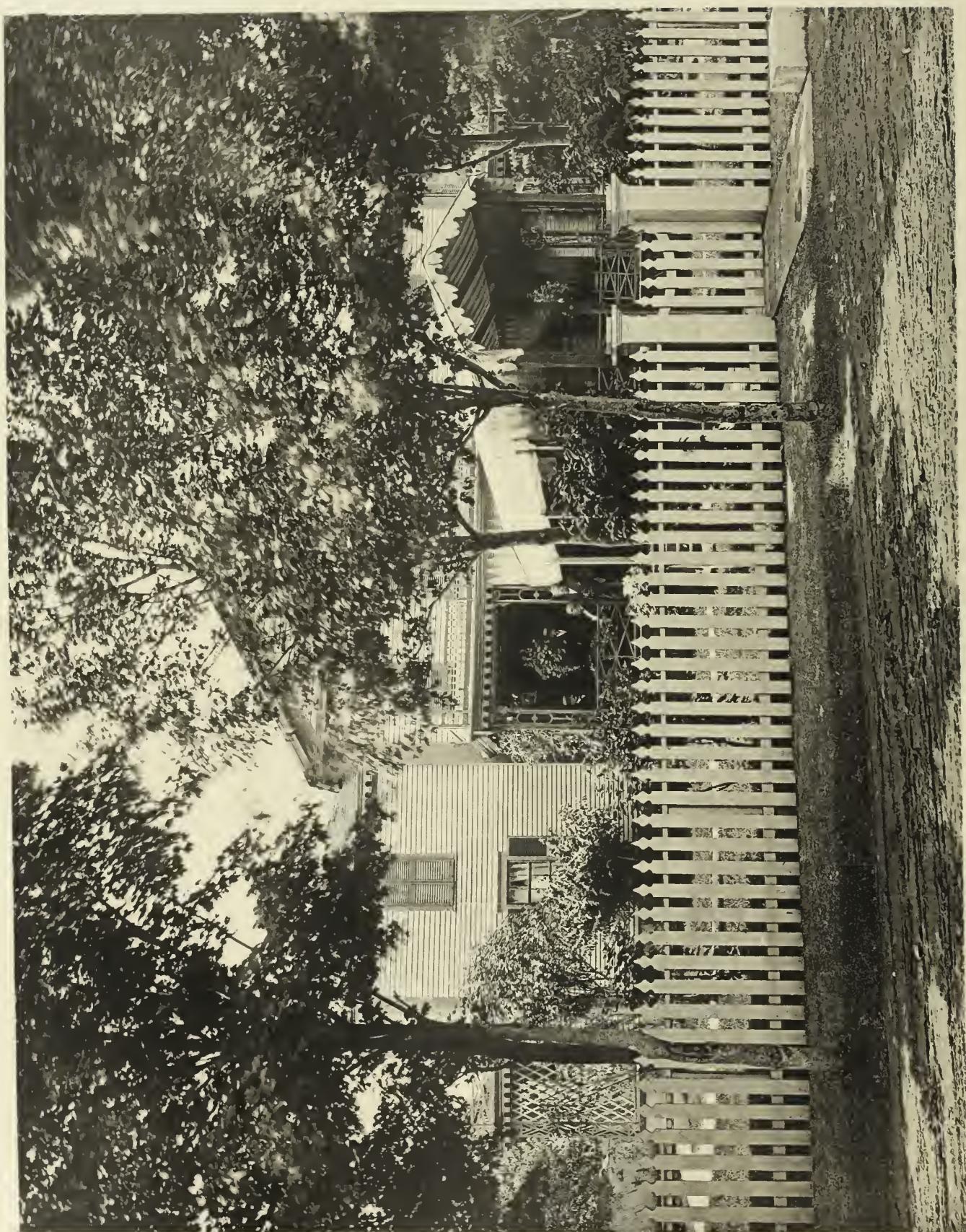


N Catharine Street, one of the most desirable neighborhoods in the central part of the city, we find a number of picturesque cottages; and one of these, not the least attractive, is owned and occupied by Mr. Appleton. It is essentially a "cottage" in style, form, and proportions, and is justly admired by all who are familiar with it, standing, as it does, well back from the street, in open grounds that rise to it on all sides. The materials are stone for the lower story, with wood above, and a high pitch roof. The form of the structure is irregular; the second story projects beyond the line of the walls, and is supported on brackets; the sides, where not of

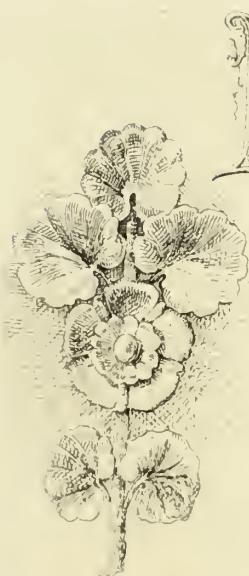
stone, are slated in fancy patterns; and the picturesque balconies rise one above another, without overloading the building, or fatiguing the eye, showing that the parts are well balanced, and that in the design reference was had to the effect as a whole. In front and on the sides there is a low-roofed piazza (its columns intwined with woodbine) approached from the principal rooms.

The number of rooms in this pretty cottage is not large, but they are well-placed, and branch off naturally from a central hall; affording ample space for sleeping-apartments, dressing-rooms, &c., in the second and third stories, and a parlor, library, and dining-room on the first floor.

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ROYAL PHELPS, Esq.



FOR many years Mr. Phelps has passed his summers in Newport, in the quiet enjoyment of his cottages,—for he has two within his grounds, occupied by members of his family,—and in the society of his numerous friends who annually gather here. He early selected a spot on Clay Street, between Narragansett Avenue and Dixon Street, facing Atlantic Street; where, embowered in trees, yet within a minute's walk of the avenue, he has passed the season, from the genial opening of spring to the advent of autumn.

Lothair held, that "if we could only so contrive our lives as to go into the country for the first notes of the nightingale, and return to town for the first note of the muffin-bell, existence might be more enjoyable." Those who understand the climate of Newport, its exhilarating and health-giving qualities, and are familiar with its many beautiful drives and other attractions, will so time their coming and going as to secure all the advantages of a sojourn here during the summer. The mornings spent in a shady spot like this, almost in the heart of the city, yet possessing the attractions of a country-seat shut in by a luxuriant growth of trees; the hour before the close of day devoted to a drive on the shore; and the evenings passed in the society of friends,—"a well-chosen society of friends and acquaintances, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gayety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening,"—this, says Dr. Johnson, "seems the most rational pleasure; and to this a game of cards now and then gives an additional relish."



WOODBINE COTTAGE. GEO. C. MASON. NEWPORT, R.I.

GEORGE C. MASON.



If the proverb holds good, "He who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," he who designs cottages for others should have a model cottage of his own; and although the subject of the present sketch, located on the corner of Beach Street and Sunnyside Place, lays no claim to broad acres, beautiful drives, a sloping

lawn, or an extended view, either of the sea or inland, it is no less attractive, and may be classed with the picturesque cottages of Newport. Externally it has the over-hanging second story, the broad projecting eaves, and the gables (filled with tracery) of the Swiss chalet, pretty balconies, and a fine piazza, and terrace; and the interior is so arranged as to afford a fine suite of rooms in a comparatively small area, all opening from a hall that has in itself the proportions of an ordinary room. The staircase is one of the fine features of the cottage; and the chambers are all large, light, airy, and convenient.

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN.



N a place like Newport, so near to the sea, and offering so secure a harbor for vessels caught upon the coast in stormy weather, one will often find on its old wharves, and in its suburbs, seafaring men whose antecedents are known only to themselves,—men who have landed on a strange shore after years of vicissitude, and, tired of a roving life, have decided to “haul up” for a season, not intending to give up the sea; but they rarely ship again. About the docks they occasionally find employment; and when they have saved up enough they usually buy a fishing-boat, in which they spend the rest of their days, content with their small gains, and happy in the consciousness that they can come and go as they please. Such a one once crossed my path; and although years have rolled by since the time when those who were strangers to him shrouded his attenuated form, and found a place for him in the Potter’s Field of this old port, often does he stand before me as of old,—his demeanor, which amounted almost to moroseness, the same; the same obscurity about his history, his tastes as remarkable, and his mind as unsettled as I always believed it to be: for it could not be otherwise than that the intellect of one who cherished a single idea, to the exclusion of aught else, should have become shattered,—crazed, I may say,—even if his days were not ended as a maniac.

The man referred to was a Frenchman, one who had probably spent a portion of his days in Paris, in good society; but the place of his birth, his age, and almost every thing connected with his life, were hidden from those who knew him in his later years. When I first met him I was but little more than a schoolboy; and, whatever turn my thoughts may have since taken, they were certainly not inclined at that period to dwell long on one of whom I knew so little; and yet for years after I never passed him on the street or

wharves without giving heed to his quiet ways, his unobtrusive manners, downcast eyes, stooping gait, and imperturbable gravity. He had landed here long before my recollection; but of his history, even whilst residing on the island, I knew nothing but what fell under my own observation. At the time that I first knew him his hair was snowy white; his garb (always inclining to the cut of a sailor, in that he wore a round jacket and a sailor's hat) was neat and clean, though frequently darned and patched by his own hand; and on Sunday he always appeared cleanly shaved. On that day he abstained from work; but he never entered a place of worship, preferring to remain in the open air, abstracted and alone, or to glide quietly over the bay in his little fishing-boat. Fishing was his occupation: in this way he provided for his few wants; and the greater part of his time was spent upon the water, or lounging on the low wharf in front of his dwelling. Thus he lived for years, and in time those who knew him best became accustomed to his ways.

It was these peculiarities of the little Frenchman, probably, more than any thing else, that excited my curiosity; but how to fathom the mystery that surrounded his life I knew not; and my subsequent acquaintance with him was the result of chance, not of any well-organized plan on my part to unlock the secrets he guarded so well. It happened thus: One day in early summer, whilst idling away the hours in my boat,—an indulgence to which in earlier years I was often given,—I found myself in the immediate vicinity of Brenton's Reef, that dreaded ledge, the terror of sailors entering the bay in stormy weather, but which now only defined its length of hidden danger by the occasional wash of the sea over a point more prominent than the surrounding rocks. As my eye lazily swept over its entire length, to take in all its bearings, I saw a boat that had probably attempted the inner passage, but which had got amongst the rocks; and all the efforts of the boatman to extricate her were unavailing, seeing that the sea would throw her back before he could secure an offing, whenever he pushed her off from the ledge. Assistance was needed, that was clear; and I could render it without endangering my own boat; but judge of my surprise to find, on reaching the spot, that the boatman was the little Frenchman, the man of all others I would have preferred to befriend. Running in between well-known rocks, but avoiding the trap in which he had been caught, I beckoned to him to jump into my boat as I passed. He comprehended me perfectly; and, seizing a line attached to the prow of his craft, he sprang from her at the proper moment, and there he stood by my side. He said nothing, but tied the bight of the rope to a thwart. The boat was under good headway: the line tightened as she plunged ahead:

and his own craft came grating over the rocks, and was soon swimming lightly astern. It was evident, however, that she could not be used again until she had undergone repairs; so pointing him to a seat, which he accepted, I started at once for home, a distance of five miles; and during all the time not a word passed between us. When we reached the old wharf, which almost claimed him as its own, he jumped out, and, turning, nodded an acknowledgment of the services he had received. The course I had pursued was the wisest I could have adopted; for, if the veil was to be lifted at all, the hand raised for that purpose, I well knew, must be his own. It was enough that an opening had been made; and I felt confident that in time the wedge might be driven home.

The next morning I stocked my boat with bait, hooks and lines, and a basket of prog, and turned her prow in the direction of the old man's wharf. There he was, as usual, looking out upon the waters; and his boat, hauled up for repairs, was drying in the sun. Lufing up to the side of the wharf, I beckoned to him to get in; the invitation was accepted with a nod; and soon we were running out to the fishing-ground he was in the habit of visiting. There we fished for several hours in silence; and in silence we returned, as on the previous day. This was repeated for several days, whilst his boat was undergoing repairs; and at last, on one of these occasions, silence was broken by an exclamation from my companion, who evidently had forgotten for the moment that he was not alone. The ejaculation was from Rousseau's "Social Contrast,"—words the first I had ever heard him speak, and which, through some remarkable coincidence, were known to me; and, almost before I was aware of what I was doing, I supplied the context. Never shall I forget his look of surprise,—a look that for the moment relaxed to one of pleasure no words can describe. The ice had been broken so far as it could be; and I felt that the way had been opened to the inmost recesses of his heart. In this, however, my expectations were not to be realized; but, if his affections were not all unlocked, he at least exposed to view the idol he worshipped; and from that time long and frequent were our conversations.

Often, for hours together, we sat on an old and dried fish-car in front of his dwelling, talking of the Genevese martyr, as he loved to call Rousseau, and of the days of Louis XV.; for these he believed were the most remarkable times in the history of France. It seemed to me at such times that he had actually taken part in the scenes that had made so deep an impression on his mind; that he was indeed a venerable relic of the generation with which all his ideas were associated. He was always like one in a dream; and when he spoke it was not as other men speak. I verily believe he thought the

spirit of Rousseau was ever at his side. He was the idol that he worshipped, the embodiment of all that was good, the great centre, the luminous star of a Frenchman's paradise. With the personal history of Rousseau, he was perfectly familiar; and his own peculiarities had grown out of the writings of this extraordinary man. It was this that led him to shun the haunts and ways of men; but he had none of his great prototype's love of fame, none of his grosser passions, or fickleness; and it was a strange sight to see him spend his whole life in contemplating the character of a teacher who had taught that "the man who meditates is a desponding creature."

As he opened himself more freely, I ventured at times to dissent from his views, and called in question some of his hero's theories. But this brought down a storm of words; and usually such boldness was followed by an unbroken silence on his part for days together, showing how deeply the springs of his nature had been stirred. Any question of Rousseau's morality was keenly felt; and his "Confessions" were held up as the strongest evidence of the purity of his mind. In vain I pointed to the dastardly act of saddling a theft on an innocent girl, his fellow-servant; in vain I dwelt on his readiness to share with Claude Anet the rounded arms and captivating smile of Madame de Waren: for these he declared were youthful passions atoned for in after years; and, when I pointed to Terese's children thrown into the foundling-box, he as readily met me with Rousseau's own words, that the provision of the government was a legitimate and sensible one. Nor did he hesitate, when I touched upon his hero's attempt to win Madame d'Houtetot, to express surprise that one like her, all marked with the small-pox, and not otherwise attractive, should have been so inseusible of the honor done her by the "Great Apostle of Liberty;" and he fairly gnashed his teeth when he expressed his belief in the duplicity of Grimm and Diderot.

A greater medley of ideas on any one subject probably never found a resting-place in the brain of any man thought to be sane; but of these none were more prominent than those derived from "The Origin of the Ineqnalities amongst Mankind," and "The Social Contrast;" and he maintained, that, as civilization had brought upon the world the evils which now afflict society, nothing but a return to an Arcadian simplicity of life would restore us to that state of felicity for which man was designed. How this was to be brought about, he could not clearly see (Rousseau himself was not very clear on that point); but he could at least approximate to it by adopting the simplest habits of life, and paying no heed to passing events. True to his principles, no ascetic could have been more self-denying. Of his past life he would not afford the slightest glimpse; it was enough that I had been

admitted to his privacy, and with that I had to be content. I could only see the man as he was, not as he had been. One companion, the solace of his lonely hours, a well-thumbed copy of Rousseau's works, could alone reveal the secret; but it was dumb to all save the master-touch; and, so long as these volumes were left to him, he had little else to think of or to care for.

This intercourse with the little Frenchman, commenced in early summer, was continued till late in the autumn, at which time I was called away. Returning in the spring, I revisited old haunts, and one day I knocked at his door; but, instead of his slow and measured step in the passage, I heard the sound of squalling children, and the shuffling gait of a woman,—Irish by birth, and one who could give no account of the late tenant. My heart's misgivings were soon confirmed; for the neighboring grocer, who had seen me wending my way to old scenes, sent his boy to say that my old friend was dead. It was even so; and nothing remained for me but to seek out the spot assigned him in the common burial-ground, which the simple directions obtained at the grocery enabled me to find without much difficulty. And as I stood by the rude mound over which the grass had just begun to grow, and recalled those awful words of his great teacher,—“Let the trumpet of the last judgment sound when it will, I will present myself before the sovereign Judge with this book in my hand, and I will say aloud, ‘Here is what I did, what I thought, and what I was,’”—I wondered if he repeated them as firmly as he had often done in my hearing, when summoned into that presence of which he had such unsettled views.

